

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1864.

REV. WILLIAM NAST, D. D.

BY CHARLES NOEDHOFF.

REV. WILLIAM NAST, D. D., was born June 15, 1807, in Stuttgart, the capital of the Kingdom of Wurtemberg. He came of a good family; his father held office under the Crown, as his brother does at this time. His parents were pious, and their son William was destined for the ministry of the Lutheran Church, the Established Church of Wurtemberg.

From his early youth he showed scholarly capacity, as is evident from the fact that he was not yet fourteen when he was admitted a student of the theological seminary. After four years' study there, he was prepared, and entered the University of Tübingen. He completed a philosophical course in that celebrated institution, and then voluntarily broke up his theological career, feeling a strong inclination to devote himself to general literature, in which he pursued his studies.

The well-known Ferdinand Christian Baur, the founder of the Tübingen school of theology, was his professor while at the University, and the famous infidel, Dr. Strauss, was his classmate there. The paths of these two men have been singularly divergent; while Strauss labored with temporary—and only temporary—success, to destroy the Christian faith in Germany, his classmate was the means, under God, of bringing many thousands of his German countrymen to a true knowledge of the Gospel. Dr. Strauss now looks back upon a life spent in vain endeavors to break down pure religion, and mourns great powers misapplied, and, therefore, wasted; while Dr. Nast sees on every hand around him the fruits of his beneficent and zealous labors in behalf of religion, and a whole people rise up and call him father. Dr. Strauss stands alone, in his old age, with no one's sym-

pathy to cheer him; the love and blessings of thousands are the reward of Dr. Nast's labors.

The young university-man, correct but unsettled in his religious belief, and unhappy because unsettled, came to the United States in the year 1828, when he was but just twenty-one. Here he became, for a time, tutor in the family of a wealthy Methodist, and next held the position of teacher of the German language in the United States Military Academy at West Point. Among the students here were two pious young men, whom he instructed in Greek and Hebrew, and who prepared themselves to enter the ministry. While at West Point, also, he translated into English one of Tholuck's earliest works—"Theodore; or, the Consecration of the Skeptic."

His thoughts were at this time much disturbed upon the subject of religion, the Christian faith, and the salvation of the soul. He was deeply burdened, but struggled vainly, for a long time, to reach the light. While still teaching German at West Point he made the acquaintance of Bishop M'Ilvaine, and the conversations and instructions of this excellent man caused the struggle in his heart to be still further deepened.

Finished scholars like Dr. Nast were rare in this country in that early day; an accomplished linguist and general student, such as he was and is, was quickly known and appreciated; and he received presently a call to a professorship in Kenyon College. He left West Point and tried to take up his duties at Kenyon for a while, but his agitation and intellectual struggle at this time grew to that degree that he was entirely unfitted for any pursuit in life, and he left the College, and for many months journeyed about the Western and Middle States, seeking peace for his tormented and distracted soul, and not finding it.

His struggles lasted for nearly three years.

In that dreary period, a stranger in a strange land, wandering about a new country, homeless, and, by the very condition of his mind, almost friendless, he was often reduced to despair, and sighed for death to relieve him. At last in January, 1835, light came to him. In a letter published in the *Western Christian Advocate*, in July, 1854, Dr. Nast gives some account of those three years which he passed in a wilderness, before he saw the Promised Land. This letter, written to the Rev. D. L. Fobes, then stationed at Gambier, the seat of Kenyon College, gives also many interesting incidents of his life in those early and sad days. For this reason we reprint it here:

CINCINNATI, July 7, 1854.

*My Dear Brother,*—I have just returned from a missionary tour and found your interesting communication. It brought vividly to my mind the throes of the new birth which I passed through in Gambier, and the joy that followed. I want, of course, to share in the building of your church, and will send you as much as my means will allow before long. Gladly would I make an appeal in our Church papers, but I would only be justified in doing so with reference to my former connection with the society in that place, and I think this would have the appearance of egotism; at least another could do it with much better effect than myself. I have been repeatedly requested to write out a full account of my experience, but my story is a long one; and partly on account of having all my time filled up with indispensable official duties, partly under a sense of inability to do justice to it, I have not done it as yet, and I can give you only a few prominent points.

I was awakened to a distressing, almost despairing, sense of my lost condition as a sinner, at a camp meeting held in the Tuscarawas Valley, near the Juniata, in the Fall of 1832. The enemy persuaded me, that as I had known and loved the Savior in my boyhood, and afterward denied him, there was no hope for me; that I had now received conviction of sin, not for mercy's sake but for judgment. With a faint hope that *peradventure* my sentence of death might be changed, I was willing to become a monument of God's sin-avenging justice if I could not become a subject of saving grace, and I desired all men to know it as a warning for their souls. I considered myself as doomed to die shortly, and was entirely unfit for any employment. I resigned, therefore, my place as a teacher in the Lutheran College at Gettysburg, and wandered about seeking rest, and finding none.

In the Spring of 1833, under the impression that the religious experience of Methodists was far too high for such a sinner as I was, I was enticed by an agent of a religious impostor by the name of Count Leon, who made a split in Rapp's colony, below Pittsburg, to go out West and join his society. I arrived there, but had light enough to see their delusion, preached to them repentance, and left them after a few days. I staid awhile in Pittsburg, and there received a very kind letter from Rev. Bishop M'Ilvaine, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with whom I had become ac-

quainted in West Point, and who had heard of my distress of mind. He invited me to come out to Gambier. Tossed to and fro like a vessel without rudder or compass in a storm, I set out for Gambier several times, but returned on the road. My mind at that time was not indeed in a normal state, on which account I can only remember fragments of my inward and outward history in that period. I arrived finally at Gambier, and was very kindly treated by Bishop M'Ilvaine, Professor Sparrow, and Mr. Bledsoe—the author of the *Theodicy*—and others. But they could not do any thing with me. Professor Buckingham took me once with him to Putnam, when I heard that blessed man of God, Rev. Henry S. Farnandis, of the Ohio Conference—now in heaven. His preaching was like a refreshing shower upon a parched ground. I began to hope again; went with a brother down to a farm on the Ohio River; was, however, not much benefited, and returned the next Spring to Gambier, with the purpose to get the clothes and books that I had left; but was persuaded by Mr. Bledsoe to stay, and teach a class in Hebrew, and write an exposition of the Greek verb, and live more regularly.

Frequent fastings, succeeded by hasty, imprudent eating, added to my protracted distress of mind, had entirely deranged my digestive organs. How I was induced to live more rationally, and apply my mind to regular studies, I can not tell; only so much I remember, that I commenced at the same time to use again all the means of grace in the Methodist Episcopal Church near the College, on Shonk's Creek, I believe they called it. I remember a brother Brown, a steward, brother Clayton, a class leader, brother Powell, and above all brother John Smith, a powerful exhorter. He was an Englishman, a reformed drunkard, and a shoemaker by trade. Brother James Wilson, if I mistake not, was preacher in charge, but the appointments were mostly filled by a humble lame brother, whose name I have forgotten. I think I gave my hand and name to him when I joined. Brother Werter Davis, a student in the College, was also a member of the society. He was received into the Ohio Conference in 1835, and last Fall transferred to the Illinois Conference, to fill the Ebenezer station at St. Louis.

To brother John Smith, who is now a member of the Southern Illinois Conference, I am, under God, more indebted than to almost any other brother for finding the way of faith. I spent my evenings generally in his humble log-house. When he prayed the very heavens seemed to come down. I was often blessed and comforted, but as often gave way to my doubts and unbelief. Finally, I was placed upon the Rock of Ages in the following manner: There was a quarterly meeting in Danville, which I attended; I staid with brother Baker, a son-in-law of father Brenneman. On Sunday morning, 17th of January, 1835, he called upon me to lead in the family worship. Great as the cross was—the house was full of brethren and sisters—the Lord blessed me unusually. In the evening an invitation was given to mourners to come to the altar. The presiding elder, brother Poe, made a powerful appeal. A number came to the altar, and among them I tried it once more—how often before I could not tell. I believe some ten souls were converted that evening, but with me all was darkness—I rose without benefit.

The reason of it was, I looked only on myself, not on Jesus. I had a pair of scales with me, weighed my sins, weighed my repentance, weighed my faith, weighed every thing but the infinite merits of my Savior. The meeting was dismissed, and a brother, whose name I am sorry I forget, invited me to go home with him.

I was nearly at the door, when I looked back and listened to the shouts of those new-born souls at the altar, of whom I knew several to have been a few days before wicked, ignorant, and profane sinners. In that moment the Spirit seemed to whisper in my ears, "Is there not bread enough in thy Father's house?" In that moment I seemed to lose sight of myself, and the eye of faith being suddenly opened, fixed upon the infinite fullness of Christ. I hastened away into the corner of the meeting-house, and fell down on my knees to pray once more for mercy in Jesus' name. And, glory be to God! I came now truly in Jesus' name; and as I opened my lips to pray for mercy, and to confess my sins, my prayer was turned into praise; the love of God, like a baptism of fire from heaven, was poured into my heart, and on my head, and penetrated my whole being. I arose and shouted halleluiah! glory! and was soon in the arms of my good brother Davis, the student. The next morning when I returned to College, I told every body what the Lord had done for me; and before I heard my class recite in Greek, I begged leave to tell them of the happy and wonderful change that had taken place in my mind, and asked them to kneel down and join with me in returning praise and thanksgiving to the Lord for his mercy, which, I believe, they all did.

This is but a meager sketch of a few prominent points in my experience. I ought to give a fuller account of the wonderful dealings of the Lord with my poor soul, but, as I remarked above, I have not been able to do it as yet; and I must now close this communication by merely adding, that I can not see how I could possibly have held on in seeking the Lord, had I not been thrown among the Methodist people, whose powerful means of grace, experience meetings, sympathies, and acts of faith, bore me up in my helpless state, and never tired to lay me again and again at Jesus' feet, till, at last, the blood of Christ availed *even for me*.

A few weeks after my conversion, the 31st of January, I received license to exhort from father A. Goff, and the 2d of July, 1835, I received license to preach from brother A. Poe, presiding elder, and was recommended by the quarterly meeting conference of Danville circuit, Wooster district, to the Ohio Annual Conference, when I was received on trial at Springfield, and appointed German missionary in the city of Cincinnati.

Yours, in Christ,

WILLIAM NAST.

In the Fall of 1835 Dr. Nast was received into the Ohio Annual Conference, to become the pioneer German missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His zeal to save souls was as great and burning as his despondency before had been deep and torturing. He labored one year in Cincinnati and its vicinity, which was already the home of many Germans. The second year of his ministry he traveled over a circuit in the interior of Ohio, embracing some

four hundred miles. In this year he preached nearly every day.

The third year he was sent back again to Cincinnati, and there—1837-8—formed the first German Methodist society, which consisted then of some twenty-six members. Thus was begun that great German work, which now extends over the whole free States of the Union, including Missouri, and which reached, before the rebellion began, even to the farthest corner of Texas; from that insignificant society of German laborers and their families, who met together in a small room, and were reviled and persecuted by their neighbors and friends, has grown, under the wise care and with the zealous labors of Dr. Nast, a connection numbering 23,000 members, 233 itinerant preachers, and 224 local preachers in this country, and extended now to Germany itself, where it has over 3,000 members and 24 preachers.

In the Fall of 1838 the "Christian Apologist" was authorized, and Dr. Nast appointed its editor. The first number of the little sheet appeared on the 4th of January, 1839. It has been under the charge of Dr. Nast ever since, and from an insignificant circulation it has grown till now it is a power among the Germans of the United States, and has at this time about 22,000 subscribers.

In the year 1844 the German work of the Church had grown to such proportions and assumed such importance, that Dr. Nast was ordered by the General Conference to proceed to Germany to explore a proper missionary field there, in the father-land, and to form some connection with evangelical societies and organizations there. This was the commencement of the missionary work of Methodism in Germany. In 1857 he accepted an invitation to attend the great meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, held at Berlin. There, before Christians of different denominations, and of several languages and countries, he gave a summary review of the missionary labors of the Methodist Episcopal Church among the Germans of the United States, which was afterward printed in the published proceedings of the meeting.

In the year 1852 Dr. Nast was commissioned by the General Conference to prepare a German commentary on the New Testament; on this he has labored in the hours he has been able to spare from other and more pressing duties ever since. Last year the first volume was issued in German, and in the Spring of this year an English translation was published—both by the Cincinnati Book Concern. This work has received the highest commendations from scholars and ministers, not only of the Methodist con-

nection, but of other evangelical Churches. It has gained for Dr. Nast from the ablest scholars and divines in the country, deserved praise for thorough and deep scholarship, sound criticism, fervent piety, and exhaustive study of his subject and of all the great mass of writings bearing upon it.

The story of his life, which has been given, does not include a tithe of his labors for the Church and the missionary work to which he has given himself with such thorough devotion. Besides the *Apologist* he has for some years edited a German Sunday school paper, which is very popular. He has for many years translated and revised translations of religious works and others suitable for the reading and instruction of the numerous German connection. Many of our able German preachers have grown up under his eye and have received his instruction. He has constantly visited different Conferences and States, to look after the work of which he is the father; to spread the missions, establish new societies, dedicate churches, reconcile differences, and by his wise counsel and personal efforts to advance the cause so near his heart. He has led a busy and even toilsome life; indefatigable industry and unreserved devotion to his great work have been needed to carry him through it.

The picture which is given in this number is the best that has ever been taken of Dr. Nast. It does justice to one aspect of his character, for it shows the man full of toil for others, the scholar, the preacher, the grave and wise counselor. It scarcely does justice, however, to the gentleness, the loving-kindness of his heart, which flows out toward all the creatures of God, the least as well as the greatest. In person he is of middle height, somewhat stout; within five or six years his hair, very black in early life, has become gray, and is turning white. A student, and most at home in his library, he is shy and retiring among strangers; but among friends and while at leisure he has charming social qualities. Brought up in the best society of a capital city, he has the air and breeding of a fine gentleman of the old school, the perfect courtesy which makes him a favorite with ladies in the parlor, and marks him at once, among strangers capable of distinguishing character and position by such signs, as a man of distinction. Women and little children always love Dr. Nast; and well they may, for a kinder, truer, nobler, better man does not live. His private charities are almost boundless; and though his simple and unworldly heart is so easily touched by a tale of grief that a rogue may readily deceive him,

his hand is always ready to help the sorrowing or the suffering.

It is now nearly thirty years since he began his pious labors for the benefit of the German people in this country. Those labors are less known to the mass of our laity than they deserve to be; but their importance and value are recognized and acknowledged by the ministry, by the leading men in our Church, and also by the leading men in other denominations. And if you travel among Germans in any part of the country, you can not mention his name without hearing some one say, "God bless him!"

#### SERMONS AND PICTURES.

BY EHRMAN S. NADAL.

THE other day I saw a child put its hand through the palings of the garden and pull a magnificent tea-rose. The boy seemed to know that he was doing wrong; for he looked about him guiltily and paused for a moment, but his morality was not stern enough to resist the witchery of the beautiful creature; so he secured his prize, and made off with it speedily. In plucking that rose this little iconoclastic flower-thief had completely demolished the popular Unitarianism which says that religion and the sense of beauty are one. Here you see, on the contrary, there was a struggle between morality and the sense of beauty for the mastery. His æsthetics wanted to pull the rose—his ethics told him he must not. But just then the dainty tint and the dainty perfume were more attractive than his decalogue. So beauty won the day, and the homely "thou shalt not steal" suffered an ignominious defeat.

It is against this indistinct conception of the separate spheres of the æsthetic and the ethical—this theoretic confusion of taste and morality and the consequent practical confusion that I wish to protest.

By morality I do not mean the sense of moral beauty, for moral beauty is as much within the realm of taste as any other kind of beauty. A wrong action might jar harshly upon a poet's sense of universal harmony, and yet might not touch his conscience in the least. I may think virtue very beautiful; I may paint only Madonnas, and write of none but Evangelines; but when Virtue lays her hand upon my bank account or demands the sacrifice of my carnal appetites, I might deny her claims without being guilty of inconsistency. Dr. Johnson's "who drives fat oxen must himself be fat" is



not a whit more absurd than the supposition that a man who writes beautiful morality must himself be moral. An immoral poet will see much more of beauty in morality than a saintly proser, because he will see more beauty everywhere.

If taste and morality were dependent upon each other, we should expect to find the highest state of moral culture where the sense of beauty is most developed. The æsthetic sense reaches its culmination in the city, but does morality find its culmination there? God made the country—man made the town. I can not reconcile the city with the idea of the millennium. Yet if the world lives long enough it will undoubtedly become one great city; and how the voice of the turtle is to be heard amid all that rattle is a mystery to me. In the city we see man among the palaces which he has reared. In the country we see him in the shadow of God's own mountains.

There is great difference between country religion and city religion. The man in the country has the æsthetic elements of his religion always about him, while the man of the city has not. The cultivated metropolitan attends his Church twice on Sunday. Its windows are of stained glass, through which the shadows, grouped about pillars and hiding beneath arches, are drenched in streams of gold, and violet, and crimson. A preacher "with a liberal mouth of gold" discourses from the desk. From the choir pour floods of music, rich and glorious as the showers of transfigured light, and mingling with the dyes of sunset by some such divine alchemy that one can not tell which is color or which is sound. Here he has an eloquent preacher at one end, and a rich basso and a soaring soprano at the other; and so between these two opposite oars of rhetoric and music, he is to be rowed across the stream that separates time from eternity. Whether the stern ferryman will recognize the establishment as legitimate I can not say; but it certainly does not lack that admirable characteristic of most Boston inventions, comfortableness. It is, beyond doubt, a very delightful thing to sit in church while the organ is playing, to see beautiful women in lace and rustling silks float in under carved doorways—to have mellow music pouring in sweet sensation through every avenue of the soul—to have melody, like a snow-white dove, scatter, from wings dipped in fountains of inspiration, the crystal dew-drops on every brow—all these are beautiful. It is so delightful to feel that the beauty of these things touches you, that hope in you is as young as ever; that, under all the frost of conventional-

ism that overlays you, the violets of love and trust are budding. You chuckle inwardly when you say to yourself that, after all, if heaven is any such place as this it must be a very desirable locality. This is eminently comfortable. But, nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that music and eloquence are not always about the cultivated New Yorker. What will become of all these "pure emotions" when the "dim religious light" is exchanged for the mottled sunshine of "down town?" Will the tones of the organ or the rich cadences of the preacher's voice penetrate the walls of his counting-room? On Monday morning he walks back into the world as from moonlight into sunlight. How much of moonlight will remain after six days of sunlight? Six parts of wine in the goblet will easily overcome one part of water. The moonlight nothing which flowered so beautifully on Sunday will fade and die when brought into the atmosphere where thrive the hardier plants of the week; for he can not transact his business under the cathedral arches. An organ will not always be thundering at his heels.

But this is not so with the countryman. He has the æsthetic elements of his religion ever with him. He drives his cattle along the fragrant roads in June, sauntering under deep canopies of beech and chestnut. He stops in the middle of the country stream that the thirsty horses may plunge their noses deep into the rippling water. The feeling of intense solitude which one has by the banks of noisy streams—that essence of stillness, of which sound itself seems to be an element, is his. The translucent air, the delicate contrast between the emerald softness of the new-mown meadows and the darker green of the trees, the world of enchanted verdure dancing every-where—these are always with him.

But you may say that countrymen do not feel nature as do we whom Keats has taught to love it. I doubt that. *Peter Bell* I believe to be a fiction. Wordsworth wanted to find his own exact contradictory when he wrote of that man. We guess at the diurnal motion of our earth by the revolution of the stars. So the poet strove to compute his own mental motions and dimensions by observations upon a body which moved in exactly the opposite direction. There is a species of unconscious self-pluming about it—a good deal of "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men." "See," he says, "this Peter Bell to whom 'a primrose by the river's brim' was nothing more than a 'yellow primrose,' while it is far more to me, Mr. Wordsworth. See this man 'who never felt the

witchery of the soft blue sky,' while I, Mr. Wordsworth, do." There is many an honest rustic who feels a far deeper sympathy with the beauty of the July harvest than the conceited prig who smiles at his insensibility, albeit the one calls it "waving gold," while the other calls it "crops." The yellow harvest, river, vale, and wood, are always about the countryman; while music, eloquence, painting, arches, and domes are not always around and above the man of the city.

Not long ago a young man went to a party in a great city, and there he met Saffronia, who told him that he must sit in her pew the next Sunday at the — Church and hear her "magnificent Mr. Ellerton." He went, but did not get there till Mr. Ellerton was about to begin. After a nod and a reproachful glance from Saffronia, he seated himself to listen to the sermon. A large and cultivated audience had assembled to see the minister raise the ecclesiastical kite, which he immediately proceeded to do.

The frame-work of the kite consisted of three exquisitely-carved cross-sticks, delicately fitted into one another. Over the whole was drawn a sheet of beautifully-tinted and variegated tissue-paper. He tied the string to some verse of Scripture, and after that passing tribute of respect, the Bible was treated with distant veneration, as if apparently the maxim, "familiarity breeds contempt," applied to that as well as other things. The kite rose slowly and grandly before the eyes of the congregation, till it was fully "up," and then, O how she did soar! Do n't understand me to say that it was tawdry, or watery, or vulgarly spread-eagle. The severe taste of the cultivated Saffronia could never have been attracted by that. To me, indeed, the sermon was a decided relief. In our orthodox Churches the majority of the ministers read the pamphlets, sermons, commentaries, etc., that are floating up and down the country, till their minds become theological sponges, thoroughly saturated by long series of soakings in Biblical fountains. This sponge the orthodox minister squeezes twice on Sunday, and though it sometimes trickles rather freely, he can generally coax out enough to slake the thirst of his flock. This was a sort of preaching to which I had never been used. It was not the Pilgrim's Progress style, which, after laying down the head, begins each division of the sermon with, "See that young man." It was not the *exhaustive* style, which argues a self-evident proposition till people begin to doubt its truth. He did not say "like the mist before the morning sun," nor "around which cluster so many delightful associations." When an

ordinary orthodox minister gets through a sermon without using either of those expressions, I honor that man's heroism above all the hierarchy, living and dead. Mr. Ellerton did none of these things.

The main idea of the sermon was, that as God is the perfection of wisdom and goodness, so is he the perfection of joy. The preacher said that no one could enjoy a work of art so much as its author, because no one could conceive so completely what was meant by it, and that imagination was just as necessary to the reading as to the writing of a poem; to the understanding of a painting as to its conception. No pleasure is equal to that of creation, for the critic can not understand the work as does the creator, and can not see in it all that the creator meant to be there. He who would understand and enjoy *Paradise Lost* completely, must be the complete equal of Milton. He must not only make his own those conceptions which Milton has given him, but he must go beyond that, and must feel and see what Milton felt and saw, but would not, if he could, disclose to the common eye. He must see that those things which Milton says are but the mountain peaks of a land rich with lovely valleys, are but the outside of caverns within glittering with stalactites of gold, and diamonds, and rubies, and precious gems unheard of. He must feel that they are but islands in the midst of seas stormy with fierce sensation. Is the joy of us who see but the outside comparable with theirs who have beheld the inner glories, and have lived? Is the blessedness of those believers who have hung about the outer courts to be mentioned with the joy of those high-priests of nature who have seen her inner secret—those who have

"Gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,"

and have not "fled affrighted?" Ay, there is where painting has the advantage of poetry. The painter has his background, while the poet must leave to the imagination of the reader to paint a background for himself. In this way only can we account for the singular preferences which men of genius have expressed for authors of slim talent. A man of genius will supply a background to a poem, which never existed in the mind of the writer. But while the genius of the reader may endow the poem of mediocrity with a meaning which it never had, the reader of mediocrity will never see a tenth of what genius means. Every man who looks upon any thing that is beautiful is conscious of a vague radiance of delight, but genius only gains definite and distinct conceptions of beauty,

as the Milky Way appears to the common eye a zone of cloudy whiteness, but at a glance of the telescope bursts into blazing stars. The reader may feel delight and wonder, but the highest joy is that of the poet. The reader of Endymion may be faint with the intoxications of that enchanted bower of "shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound," but he can never follow him who had wrapped himself into the heart of the hills and valleys. Think you, continued the preacher, that the ladies of Vienna, when the music that rushed from Mozart's soul through his fingers, caught and held them as the glittering eye of the ancient mariner held the wedding guest, saw and felt what Mozart saw and felt in those painfully-rapturous moments? Keats has told us that the nightingale sings far up on the topmost boughs,

"And ne'er conceives  
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-gray hood;"

and Mozart was far away hovering over the source of that mighty Nile, which there had overflowed the hearts of the high-born listeners. If Milton's blessedness was great when he fashioned Paradise; if Mozart had been borne away to other realms on the wings of music, what must be the happiness of him who had written his poem in characters of mountain, vale, and river; what must be the joy of that divine composer who felt forever flowing up through a universe of thought, and flower, and star the swellings of his symphony!

Thus did Mr. Ellerton discourse for half an hour or more. And when he closed his manuscript a universal breath of admiration rose like incense in the preacher's nostrils. The general impression which Mr. Ellerton, and the choir, and the stained glass seemed to convey to the congregation was, that the devil was a defunct institution, and like witchcraft and other abominations, a relic of superstitious ages. At any rate, if he did happen to make his appearance, one had only to point at him this wand of mingled music, eloquence, and color, whereat he would instantly scamper away, never to return. The congregation, in turn, seemed to be very thankful to Mr. Ellerton, the choir, and the stained glass for the impression.

As the rapt Saffronia emerged from the pew into the aisle, she exclaimed with clasped hands, "Is he not magnificent!" whereupon her attendant went through the usual ritual of delight quite creditably; but as he left the lady at her carriage-door and turned away, he could not but recall Sandy Mackaye's mutterings over his fire, after hearing Mr. Windrush's lecture.

"An' sae the deevil's dead," said Sandy. "Gone at last, puir fellow!—an' he sae little appreciated, too. Every gowk laying his ain sins on Nickie's back. Puir Nickie! The world 'll seem quite unco without his auld sawant phizog on the streets. Aweel—aweel—aiblins he's but shammin'—"

When pleasant Spring came on apace,  
And showers began to fa',  
John Barleycorn got up again  
And sore surprised them a'.

At any rate, I'd no bury him till he begins to smell a wee strong, like. It's a greivsome thing, is premature interment, Alton, laddie!"

#### A LADY ON THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF HER SEX.

"PRICES are enormously high for all staple goods. Black silks are the most inquired for at a great advance!"

That's what I have just read in one of the leading journals, and I have drawn a long sigh over it. To be sure, I am used to sighing in these days, but it is mostly over dilapidated garments, which must inevitably be laid aside, after the good patches on them are removed to use again, and their places agonizingly supplied by a draft on that precious piece of Lonsdale, which has been so often measured to see how it is holding out.

But a black silk dress! I should as soon think of buying a whole bale of cotton, at present prices, to give my twelve-year-old daughter a housekeeping outfit a dozen years hence. What has become of the "Ladies' League for three years or the war?" What has become of all the fine things that have been said and written about economy in the use of foreign fabrics, and supplying their places with American manufactures?

Ah, the truth is, notwithstanding the war, which is desolating the land from one end to the other, thousands upon thousands of ladies in our part of the country never had handsomer wardrobes or spent more greenbacks in dress. No matter what prices are asked for articles of luxury and adornment, if they want them they will have them, quieting their consciences with a little sigh, and a "dear, O dear! what are we coming to?"—when on goes the hat loaded with laces and flowers, the expensive gloves, and the elaborately-trimmed dress, and out comes the embroidered handkerchief, perfumed with Lubin's latest, and a sweet smile succeeds the gentle groan.

A lady gravely stated, in a daily paper a while ago, that she did not think extravagance had increased any of late, or if it had, the easy methods of making money had increased with it, and justified it! I think there are few candid observers who will bear her out in the first particular. The press has for many months commented on this growing sin and teemed with warning concerning it, and the easy methods of making money have too often been unmerciful speculation, oppression of the poor, and swindling the Government—hence a class of society totally unworthy have come up to occupy our best houses and to flaunt in diamonds and costly array, which, it would seem, must soon cease to make such extravagant adornments respectable. Mr. Jenkins brings home a dress, three or four dollars a yard, to his wife, to make her eyes shine and her voice sweet; this she buys the richest lace to trim; then come the French embroideries, the elegant mantle, the "love of a hat" to wear with it, all telling fearfully upon her husband's purse; but this is only one suit, of which she must have many, or the all-powerful Mrs. Snipkins will say: "Has n't that woman got but one dress? I'm tired of the very sight of it;" and that would kill Mrs. Jenkins. "We must n't be afraid to ask too much for what we have to sell," said an old farmer to another the other day, in the hearing of a friend, "'cause we can get any thing we ask." What did he think of the present increase of extravagance?

"Wife," said a gentleman up town the other morning, "suppose we make up our minds to sell this house." "Sell this house!" replied the wife, "pray, what for? We have just got it fixed to our minds, and have lived in it but two years." "Well, but had we not better sell it, if we could get forty thousand dollars for it?" "\$40,000! impossible! it only cost us \$18,000 all told." "Yes, but we can get any thing we ask nowadays." "Then we had better sell by all means, for if we can make \$22,000 by the bargain, of course we can't afford to live in it." Husband went down town after breakfast, and put the house into an agent's hands for sale. Next morning, just as he was rubbing his eyes open, a tremendous ring was heard at the door-bell, and a fat man stood on the door steps breathing hard; a large diamond glistening on his bosom, and plenty more on his fingers. Servant opened the door; fat man said, "I understand this house is for sale. Can I see the proprietor?" "Believe he is n't up, sir," answered the servant, "but I'll see." Proprietor hurried on his clothes, and descended to the door. "Can I look at your house, sir?"

said the fat man. "My family are not up yet," was the reply; "are you aware of the price?" "Yes, sir; \$40,000, I believe; can I look at the parlors?" Proprietor briskly displays them. "I see the house is of the style that will suit me, and I'll take it," said the man; "I am ready to make an advance payment to clinch the bargain. Now, sir, if I can have possession on next Wednesday, I'll give you a check for the whole amount." Wednesday, gentleman moved out; shoddy moved in. This is only one way in which the money goes in these days, the real value of the article being a slight consideration beside the possessing it.

I believe that women exert a quiet but all-powerful influence on passing events. Husbands, brothers, lovers delight to make bright eyes beam more brightly, and when diamonds and costly array accomplish this, they will not be denied them, even though in consequence a nation weep over its credit destroyed and its glory departed. O! the treason of bringing about such an end for selfish gratification! No noble, true, and thoroughly-loyal woman could endure such a thought for a moment. She would assume the plainest garb, and practice the most rigid self-denial, sooner than see her country disgraced and bequeath to her children an inheritance of shame. I long to see every true woman lend her soul to a policy which shall put down traitors, shut up hospitals, and send our soldiers home victorious and jubilant to their families. I can not conclude in any more glowing and eloquent words than those contained in a recent most able editorial in one of our daily newspapers: "Your diamonds may flash gayly, but there's blood on them. Your silks may glisten royally—your laces float ethereally; but they smell—they smell of treason!"

#### DOING GOD'S WILL

"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." Very different indeed from this is the practice of the world, and too often of many Christians. We are here taught that the *first of all duties* is, to do the will of God. Yet, simple as it is, we too commonly set it aside. The worldling is ready to take up his cross and follow Jesus, when he has become converted; Christians will labor zealously when their hearts have received a blessing, or when the Spirit moves them to it. We excuse ourselves from duty because our hearts are cold. How ready are we to flatter ourselves that God discharges us from the obligation, because "we do n't feel" like meeting it!



## THE SYDENHAM CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY REV. SAMUEL M. DICKSON.

AFTER the World's Fair of 1851 was over, the Crystal Palace was carefully taken down, and the materials removed to Sydenham, where it was rebuilt. It has now become one of the fixed institutions of London, and draws its thousands every day. We went to see it on a lovely June morning, and twenty minutes by rail brought us to the spot. I have many dear friends in America, with whom I would gladly share the pleasures of this day—one of the brightest of my life; so I invite them to join me, just as the Palace comes into view, crowning an elevated knoll on our right. It is only a glimpse that we have, however, for we turn a curve in the road, and behold another scene! Here is a wide lake, and there in its midst is an island, over whose rocks and cliffs strange gigantic animals are leaping and springing into the air. What does it mean? We have only time to note particularly one monster, lizard-shaped, nearly a hundred feet long, who seemed to have stiffened himself for a spring, just as the whistle blew. You guess correctly—these are antediluvian animals, only to be feared, however, in their names; for this mammoth lizard is called "Iguanodon," and it is an actual fact that one day last December twenty-one geologists sat down to dine between his ribs!

We leave the train now, climb a flight of stairs, and are ushered into the gardens. Nothing more lovely can be conceived, I am sure. To the left is the Palace, sparkling and radiant, outlining its delicate form against the sky, and more than a quarter of a mile long; off to the right is a large circular rosary, whose arches are twined with blooming vines, while as far as you can see expands a slope of green, which is broken into terraces, dotted with trees and statues, illuminated with fountains, and wide awake with chirp of birds, frolicking children, and bands of music. We wend our way slowly through this scene of enchantment and enter the building at the great central door.

My first emotion is that of despair—and I exclaim inwardly, What can only two little eyes do here! If I were Argus, I could n't see half these things as a Yankee boy wants to see them. Then I begin to take hope a little; I have a thought: systematize the work. That gives courage to begin. I shall take this corner first—never mind the music over there, here is a statue, look at it. It is young David, empty sling in hand, bearing away the head of Goliath. What matchless grace and beauty! See

the royal stamp upon that brow—the marble almost speaks. Whose work is it? Ah, I must have a catalogue, for here are statues numberless. Where may the catalogues be had? Just a moment first for a glance at that admirable group in marble marked "The Two Mourners." A dying warrior, over whom bend in grief his wife and horse. It is a woman's agony—a wife's, true to nature—that single tear tells the story; but there is something indescribably touching in the attitude of the horse, in the peculiar curve of the neck, in the tender expression of the eye, as he brings his face down very near to his master's. And, then, mark the dying man's countenance! You see the fierce and defiant wrath of the warrior relaxing into a quiet and holy calm—life was war, death is peace. But how can we linger? There, for instance, is a colossal figure of Gutenberg—an admirable work. And there—ah, the flowers, and the music, and the pictures, and the curiosities, and the courts of art and of manufacture, and the Palace itself may all go! What a fascination there is about a truly great thing! One is completely humbled, mastered, subdued in its presence. It is Moses, by Michael Angelo, before me—an erect, majestic figure, intensely expressive of strength and purity. I am drawn very near, held fast, and almost tremble; and in the confused panorama that swept by me that day, memory holds up in the foreground this one statue, clear and distinct, dissociated from any equal—alone. It follows me like a blessing; it strengthens every good thought; it has a strange power to rebuke what is sinful, selfish, or cowardly. Surely, next to seeing the Lawgiver himself is to have a man, who, in those sublime realms where the highest souls meet, caught his image, and then had power to throw it into marble.

By this time it is all over with our systematic planning. The eye is lured on by tempting beauties, and begins to wander with almost idiotic listlessness—now following the graceful bend of an arch, festooned with living flowers, now resting a moment upon the curious devices in gold, silver, or ivory enriching the tables, now arrested by some naiad, faun, or Psyche, smiling and winking under the trees. I stoutly resolve upon another plan. I will receive the effect of the *grouping* of objects, for they can not be inspected singly. We stand, then, in one end of the long nave. A marble basin sunk into the floor twenty feet wide stretches away three hundred feet toward the great center. In it, and in full bloom, are many rare plants and trees. Bright and deep tints of flowers intermingle with the green, while in the

distance a crystal fountain rises out of their midst and towers above them all. Statues line the border of this long garden on either side all the way. Between the statues and side pillars of the edifice is an open avenue, over which hang baskets of flowers, chandeliers, and flags of all nations. Between the pillars and under each arch is a court, devoted to some variety of manufactured articles. But how tame seem these words when I recall the scene! How nameless is that charm, born of color and form, the breath of the Almighty upon leaf and flower! How cunning is man, who, while the thing that is called beauty evades his analysis, can so aptly reproduce its expression in his imitations of nature!

In the opposite end of the Palace tropical fruits and flowers adorn another basin of similar shape and size. The atmosphere is warm, and the surroundings remind you of ancient days. Instead of manufactures, attesting the skill of our century, here are specimens of art, representing all the ages and nations back to Rameses II, of Egypt. Statues of kings, restored halls of ancient palaces, courts of temples, with all varieties and styles of architecture, from the golden-pillared Alhambra to the severe simplicity of the Grecian Doric, are grouped around you, and present a complete epitome of the history of art down to the present hour.

Wandering in any direction among these courts, or in the galleries, or in the basement of the building, a thousand rare curiosities, which defy all classification, amuse you with their oddity, or perplex you with their variety. History takes a living form; the past is present, and the whole world seems to have been thrown into a sieve and shaken till the most precious and rare things remained. And here they are all grouped together in a great showcase of glass!

Sublime indeed is the interior effect of this structure. Let us view it from a seat, as near the center as possible, and that to-day will carry us deep into the multitude of people, gathering in thousands near the orchestra, for a rare treat is in store. Now see! Where the long nave is intercepted by the central transept, both spring upward into a roof, whose vast arch seems to be hanging in the sky. It is impossible, by any enumeration of figures, to convey an adequate impression of these spaces. The effect is not due either to the graceful bend of the arch or to its immense height: the dome of St. Paul's is higher but less impressive. What then? The transparency of the glass, lifted into those altitudes by such delicate iron frame-work, mingles it with the sky; the zenith of the

heavens seemed to be hooped with iron wire, while away to the right and left the concave extends in narrowing perspective, till the black threads, dimmed in the distance, become invisible. We touch the floating clouds, and they part around our ethereal walls like white and fleecy drapery. And now it rains! The clouds have rolled themselves into a huge sponge, which seems to rest like a crown upon our dome, and the rain, oozing out, trickles down to the earth upon a glazed pathway. Hark! is that thunder? It has the sound of thunder, and surely the clouds threatened it; but the truth is, a man has climbed away up to the key-board of the grand organ and touched it! O, the witchery of glass walls! They imprison the sound, but give the illusion of unconfined space. The music rolls around the arches of the sky, wave upon wave of sound repeating and echoing in the distance. Now there is a short, sharp, piercing note—now a long swell rolling and widening till aisles and corridors are filled; then it gradually lingers into silence, or melts into a soft flute-like strain. Now there is a crash, a leap, a succession of booming discharges, and rattling, galloping reverberations, ending in a prolonged swell and a sudden stop.

Fitting prelude for what is to follow. By hundreds and thousands the singers are gathering into the orchestra around the base of the organ. Soon five thousand voices wait to accompany the monster instrument, *and they are children's*; for the school-houses of London are empty to-day, and this is the annual jubilee concert. No wonder is it that, as you stand upon your seat and survey the audience, the crowd of heads may be measured by acres; no wonder that they crowd the galleries, and perch upon cornices, and climb into every available nook and crevice. And now, just at three o'clock, a little man with a long *baton* springs upon a stand in front, telegraphs to the organist, and the concert begins. The opening hymn is Martin Luther's:

"Great God! what do I see and hear!  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated!  
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before!  
Prepare my soul to meet him."

Imagine the effect, when at the end of the fourth line there was a short pause, after which an invisible trumpet pealed a long and sweeping blast, followed by the words:

"The trumpet sounds! the graves restore," etc.

Eighteen pieces followed, all well rendered, and in perfect time. One chorus had an echo from a few voices in a distant part of the building. There was a cornet solo by a little boy, scarcely visible in the distance, whose consummate skill awoke loud applauding all over the house. When "God Save the Queen" was struck up, the whole audience arose and stood uncovered, and at its close children and people rent the air with long and hearty cheers. When they came to Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, beginning,

"We praise thy name, O Lord,"

and the five thousand voices, with the organ, the wind instruments, and the kettle-drums burst out together in one strain of praise, there was power and sweetness enough to lift the soul almost within hearing of the one hundred and forty-four thousand. It was a great hour, Heaven seemed very near. The very flutter of their hymn-sheets, as the children waved a greeting to the audience, was like the whirr of a legion of angel wings. I can not linger, however, nor speak of other things. Seated by your fireside, some evening in the time to come, we shall talk of them, for the day at Sydenham Crystal Palace will always be a bright and beautiful memory.

#### UNINVITED VISITORS.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

IT was a sultry afternoon in August—one of those days in which every breath that comes from the lungs seems taking from one's very life, and giving back but the enervating lassitude of the Summer. The parlor was dull, the dining-room sweltering with the hot rays that poured through the cambric shades, and the kitchen still redolent with the fumes of the early cabbage and turnips that formed our dinner; so I took my sewing and low chair and passed into the east porch; and there, completely sheltered by the clustering vines, I rocked, and stitched, and listened to the droning of the bees, and the twittering of the birds, and saw how wearily my nearest neighbor, Mrs. Winifred, leaned her head against her chair as she hushed her poor teething baby to sleep in the low window by the shaded alcove; and then—must I confess it?—I lazily dropped to sleep. A half hour later and my eyes flew wide open at the sharp rattling of some heavy vehicle over the bridge west of our house, and the village omnibus, laden with two passengers and a huge trunk, passed by, and drew up before

Mrs. Winifred's door. With a sigh, partly of relief for myself, that the occupants were not my visitors, and of regret that my now already-burdened friend must have added burdens these long, wearisome days, I watched them alight. I could hear the cries of the little one as Mrs. Winifred resigned it to the arms of the hired girl before she politely came to the door to receive her visitors, and I noticed how pale she looked as the fashionably-dressed young ladies, in an independent tone, gave orders about their baggage, then sauntered carelessly up the walk, gazing freely around as if by some right they had all the privileges of home; and I questioned, rather bitterly, as I saw how affectionately they threw their arms around her and greeted her on the cheek, "Would they be so loving were she the visitor and they the hostesses?"

Though in and out almost daily to my neighbor's, a little natural fear of strangers kept me away for a week; then, seeing both the young ladies depart one morning with broad hats on their heads and baskets on their arms, I caught up my sun-bonnet and passed through the gate that separated our two lots.

"O, Mrs. Russell, I am so glad to see you!" was Mrs. Winifred's greeting exclamation, as her pallid face lit up with a smile, while the baby crowed, and jumped, and held out his chubby arms to come to me.

"Blessed baby! he did want to see me," were my words almost smothered in kisses, as I pressed his cheeks and little mouth. "I was afraid he would half forget me with his new friends." "They are not fond of children," and I fancied there was a little bitterness in the words, as I saw the tightly-closed lips and the hard look that set so unnaturally on the broad, smooth brow.

"Are they relatives?" I inquired, with the freedom of a near neighbor, who had long shared and divided all sorrows, and joys, and household vexations.

"Second cousins perhaps—not any nearer—of my husband's. When we were half of us sick that dreadful fall, you remember Mr. Winifred sent for the Misses Wells to come and just look after the children, as we had strange girls in the house. These are the ladies. I never shall forget how indignant husband was when he read their reply—so many sympathizing regrets for our afflictions—yet they could not leave home just then. He said it was perfect ingratitude, after all he had done for them before they came in possession of their property; and they had nothing to do but fancy work and ride in their carriage. But you and Mrs. Phelps

were so good to take the children to your homes. I shall remember your kindness as long as I live."

"Little Katie paid her way double! She made our home merry as a bird-cage! But how long are they going to stay?" turning again to the absorbing subject.

"I have no idea. As near as I can find out their especial object in favoring me at this time is to procure cones and nuts for frames. They say they are all the rage in the city, and they knew the woods near here were full of just what they needed. I try to use them well, but it is hard work, with this baby keeping me awake nights and the days so warm that I often feel too faint to stand. Mrs. Russell, you can not imagine how inexperienced Betsy is, though I bear with her because she is kind and willing. Between it all I can hardly keep sometimes from inwardly questioning, 'What right had they to come uninvited and use my home as if it was their own, interfering with all my arrangements?' but I know it is wrong, and I pray for more patience and the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

"Do n't they offer to assist you at all?"

"Sometimes they friz Katie's hair, but it makes her vair; and they fill up the flower vases. I am so nervous that I shiver to see them pull off the blossoms, for my yard begins to look as denuded as a field of wheat stubble. You know my plants are not very prolific," she added apologetically, "and I have to make up my bouquets with a few blossoms and a great many leaves and grasses. But this is childish complaining. How is your headache now-days?"

"I hardly notice it after the dinner is over and the children are off to school. I must run home now or that white dress will not be ready for exhibition day. But do come over," I urged as I saw the tired look settle down again on her face as the heavy baby sank in her arms, and knowing how much good it does a worn mother to get away from home-cares for even half an hour. "I do not think it is one's duty to stay at home entirely for uninvited guests."

"I do n't know. You won't mind, but run in as usual. I need you so much!"

"I'll try to," and chirruping to the baby back from the gate, and almost wishing if he was not mine that I had one just like him, I passed back to the quiet of the shady porch and the work of my own home.

Still more sultry grew the days, and scarcely could I awake in the night without seeing a light at Mrs. Winifred's nursery-window, and

fearful of the effect of so much watching on my rather delicate neighbor, I hurried over one morning as soon as the breakfast work was over.

Miss Wells, in a stylish morning gown, was sitting on the steps carelessly scattering leaves and stems over the usually neatly-kept walk, and a bold stare and the sweeping of her dress aside to let me pass were her only reply to my greeting bow; while her sister, Miss Lura Wells, was busy at the hall table humming over an opera air and assorting some acorns and cones to prepare them for the frames resting against the wall. I found Mrs. Winifred a shade paler, if possible, while Betsy, called from her morning work, was trying to quiet the fretting baby by carrying it up and down the room.

"Where is your cab? I believe it would do the little fellow much good to ride out every day," I broke out abruptly after a kind good morning.

"Betsy is so busy every moment, and I am not strong enough. If Mr. Winifred could only come home things would grow brighter."

"Can't they draw him?" I inquired in a hushed voice, pointing to the hall.

"O, my!" said Betsy, with very expressive pantomime, "it would harden their dear delicate fingers! Once when Mrs. Winifred was out I hinted about it pretty strongly, but Miss Lura shrugged up her shoulders and said they were not used to servant's work! Just as if making this blessed baby forget his aching teeth was work fit only for servants!" and the girl's round, honest face grew red with indignation at the mere thought.

"Let me take him while I stay, Betsy," and cuddling him down in my arms and hushing him with a soft lullaby he was soon asleep.

"If they would not sing so loud I think he would have a good nap, but they are thoughtless and happy, and it is ill-natured in me to complain. I believe I am growing fretful. You know, Mrs. Russell, that I have had a hard Summer."

"Yes, with visitors more than half the time. If you could go away yourself, or be alone at home—"

"I was intending to visit mother next week," and the tears filled the eyes of Mrs. Winifred at the great disappointment.

It was just what she needed—to leave home, the oversight of Betsy, and the thousand cares that crush out all the buoyancy of youth if the heart for a moment loses its balance over the inclined plane of weariness, and I was half indignant as I questioned why she did not tell them.



"Could you?"

"I do not know. It seems as if I would if I was in your place. But I have brought you a book. You must try one chapter a day. It is very amusing, and perhaps it will take your thoughts away from care and make you laugh, and you know a good laugh is the elixir of health!"

"Thank you, O so much! Must you go?" seeing me reach for my bonnet.

"There will be no pudding for dinner if I stay longer. I will draw the baby out myself to-morrow if pleasant, so dress him up in his best bib and tucker for a grand display," and before she could remonstrate to my proposal I was through the gate. The clock had rung out the hour of two the next night, and heavy thunder vibrated through the sky, driving sleep from my eyes, when there came a loud knock on the window close by my head.

"Who is it?" I called without awakening my husband, for I was not given to fear.

"Betsy!" was the answer. "Do come over quick; Mrs. Winifred is so sick. She has been moaning, and shivering, and now she is in a high fever, and talks strangely. I want to go for the doctor but dare not leave her alone."

"I can send Mr. Russell if I think she needs one. Run back and we will be over in a minute."

The rain had begun to patter down in large drops, and the skies were livid with flame as I flew through the intervening lot and paused by her bedside.

"She is quieter now," whispered Betsy, "but her breath is so hot! What do you think of her?" and the frightened girl held the light so that I could see her flushed cheeks, while Mr. Russell stood one side and questioned with his eyes if he should start for a physician. It was but a few hours till morning, and the rain was dashing hard against the windows and Mrs. Winifred was asleep. I paused a moment, then answered his mute question. "You had better go home and stay with the children when the rain ceases, and I will let you know if she is worse; and, Betsy, you go to sleep on the dining-room lounge, and then you will hear me if I speak," for I knew the tired girl had been over the wash-tub the previous day and needed rest. After all was still I shaded the lamp and sat down by the sleeper. She still moaned now and then, and said hushing words to her baby, and pressed her hands upon her head and whispered, "I am so tired, tired, let me rest!" Toward morning her fever left her and she opened her eyes and looked around in wonder at seeing me beside her.

"You were poorly in the night and Betsy called me over," I explained, soothing her at the same time by passing my hand softly over her temples. "How do you feel now?"

"Very tired. I wish husband was here to take the baby and let me rest," and she again closed her eyes wearily and fell into a slumber so deep that it seemed more like lethargy.

I sent Mr. Russell for Dr. Stone at daybreak, and he aroused her, and felt of her pulse, and questioned her and Betsy very closely, then wrote a prescription.

"What is the trouble?" I asked, as I followed the old physician, who had often patted me upon the head when a child, out to the walk.

"She has completely overtasked herself somehow—that heavy baby is enough to kill her—teething, too. I fear it will end in a fever if I can not break it up. Is there a good nurse to be had? Mr. Winifred is away, and a few days now are all-important."

"I will stay with her. Sister Myra can do my work if the children keep well."

"Just like the little Vina that used to bring me cakes and cider as I was riding past in the hot sun, when she was scarcely up to the top of my sulky wheel," and his smile as he looked in my eyes made me think of the sunshine, it was so kindly and bright.

Before noon Betsy came and motioned me one side. "I heard them talking," pointing over her shoulder toward the parlor, "and they are afraid of contagion, and are packing up their things. They agreed that they had collected sufficient material and could finish their frames at home just as well, and they were not going to stay and help take care of that 'squalling young one.' I was in the hall and heard every word, and I could hardly keep my tongue still to hear them call our pretty baby a 'squalling young one,'" and her whole face was an expression of indignation as she closed.

"Well, let them go. They will not be regretted. Shall you have some light-bread? I am anxious, for I hope Mrs. Winifred can eat some toast before long. I think she is better."

"It's light as a feather, and I won't let it burn, see if I do this time."

I went into the dining-room an hour later, and Miss Wells said that as Mrs. Winifred was so sick she thought they had better go home, and she had sent for the hack and they would leave on the noon train. She wished I would bid her good-by for her; she did not like to disturb her.

"Very well, is that all the word?" I inquired, a little vexed at her cool indifference. "When do you wish her to return this visit? If she

recovers it will do her so much good to leave home for a few weeks."

"Really I do not know. We shall be abroad most of the time, we have such a large circle of acquaintances. But do be sure and bid her good-by for us, and give our love to cousin when he returns, and tell him we will try and come again when he is at home. But I declare, there is the hack and my hat is not on. O, dear! Lura, are my curls all right?" and without a kind word for Betsy or a kiss for the baby, they gathered up their shawls and baskets and passed out of the hall to the gate. I repeated Miss Wells's words to my patient without comment; and it seemed as if she brightened from that moment, and when Dr. Stone called in just before night he playfully patted me on the shoulder and called me the "best nurse," and in the same breath laughingly scolded his patient for giving us such a scare; for he was sure no medicine could have made such a change in a few short hours. Then he told me to keep that big baby out of her sight for a week, and writing a lighter prescription he bowed himself out with all the grace of the old school. The next day Mrs. Winifred had some fever preceded by a slight chill, but the third she was much better, and sat up in a neat dressing-gown and played with its cord and tassels, and talked cheerfully of the future, and supped her tea and ate her toast and canned peaches with a relish that did faithful Betsy good; for the kind-hearted girl had earned the pleasure by carefully watching each article while cooking, for fear it would be spoiled for the invalid's delicate appetite.

Mr. Winifred returned the next week, Tuesday morning, and his wife was able to meet him at the gate and take a short ride in the carriage, and three days later I dropped my sewing in my own home and ran out to the gate to kiss the baby farewell, and hear a glad good-by from smiling lips that so shortly before were muttering incoherent words and longings for rest—rest that was now coming for a whole month in the quiet and stillness of her mother's home.

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WHEN the sunlight of God's mercy rises upon our necessities, it casts the shadow of prayer far down upon the plain; or, to use another illustration, when God piles up a hill of mercies, he himself shines behind them, and he casts on our spirits the shadow of prayer, so that we may rest certain, if we are in prayer, our prayers are the shadows of mercy.

#### OUR DUTIES.

BY MARY A. HARLOW.

IN the attempt to point out the proper course to be pursued in life, a field opens before us almost limitless in its extent. Although it would seem that the simple injunction, "Keep the commandments," involves all the light and truth necessary as a standard of action, the problem of personal duty is a difficult one to solve. Many persons condemn as wrong what others, with equal sincerity, declare is justifiable; and to judge of these conflicting opinions, a mind is required learned above the wisdom of worldly philosophy.

There are those that are ready to exclaim, "O, we are not at all in the dark! Pride, intemperance, oppression, and falsehood, are manifestly the giant evils of the day, and shall feel the power of our life-long opposition." Noble resolves! would that new armies of philanthropists might arise and decide the unequal contest between light and darkness!

But besides the overthrow of giant sins, other duties arise in life's relations. Their accomplishment does not necessarily demand labor either of the mind or body; they are spontaneous acts, prompted by hearts of love, kindness, and charity. We are, perhaps, each day in the presence of some victim of sin and despair, who thirsts for a drop even of the nectar of love and forgiveness. Men wrapped up in Christian virtues either pass him unheeded, or utter in his ear a note of denunciation, "verily believing they do God service," when a pitying tear might have opened in his heart a fountain of sorrow and repentance. Thus, only through the persuasion of love and sympathy are the down-trodden and despised made to look upward and rejoice.

Is there within your reach an unfortunate being, sowing, but never reaping, hoping, but never receiving, till faith disappears, and he almost doubts the existence of heaven itself? Your gold may relieve him from starvation, but even then he may behold only clouds and darkness around him. Preach to him by your glad smiles of the joy and beauty of life. Tell him that he, too, may sit beneath the refreshing shade, and drink of the sparkling waters of earth's oases. He can but believe! O, we know not the power of a tear, a smile, or a trifling act of kindness upon the despairing human heart!

Better absent yourselves forever from the dwellings of the suffering, than to manifest reluctant charity, or recite meaningless words

of condolence and sympathy. If the genial rays of love and pity illumine not your own heart, you can not carry sunshine to the homes of others.

How glorious seems Mary's act of anointing her beloved Master, over whom was already passing the shadow of coming agony, compared with Martha's "much serving!" We are not permitted to minister to the temporal wants of such a guest, but inasmuch as we do it unto the least of his disciples, whom we find fainting by life's pathway, we do it unto him.

May Heaven give success to the efforts of the press, the pulpit, and the reformer, in conquering the giant evils of the day! Even in the humblest capacity we may do something to advance their noble enterprise. And if, in the prosecution of our labor, we behold a blighted flower, forgotten by others in the zeal which looketh for greater things, let us nourish it with both dew and sunshine; and, as the reward of our trifling efforts, that bruised, neglected blossom may live again, and through life's remaining journey shed beauty and fragrance around our pathway.

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#### ONWARD.

BY REV. J. W. CALDWELL.

"We sleep, and wake and sleep, but all things move;  
The sun flies forward to his brother sun;  
The dark earth follows wheeled in her ellipse;  
And human things returning on themselves,  
Move onward, leading up the golden year."

TENNYSON.

**M**OTION is the conservator of health and happiness. It is necessary to soundness and purity, even in material things. It seems normal to all the orders of creation. God has breathed a portion of his own activity into every thing around him. Even dumb matter, winging its way from his plastic and guiding hand, wheels in steady rounds; or changing in its parts and combinations, it multiplies into a thousand varied forms. Worlds move on in wide and sweeping orbs; rivers glide unceasingly along their earth-worn channels, while oceans lave for evermore the rock-bound coast.

Onward, toward some distant goal, each atom moves, and every form of life tends to a higher state. Commotions check not the march of progress. For each ocean surge, dashing its fretful spray around, upheaves some sparkling gem to shine along the shore; while the fierce and fitful storms that sweep the land, leave

health and purity behind them. We go not backward. Our steps tend ever to a higher plane. The effete and dead in science and religion are not only laid away in decent sepulture, but tasteful grounds and enduring monuments mark the places where their fallen forms decay.

Thus naught is lost in the mighty struggle, nor in the fearful race; for even the wrecks strewn along the pathway of advancement and of progress, serve to warn succeeding generations from the rocks on which the former split. Just principles lose nothing by the order to which revolutions and convulsions may subject them. Each age imparts some needed lesson; each period its meed of good. New truths glare out as the years roll on, and blessings, before unknown, are poured upon us. God's hand sweeps over the key-board of revolving years only to touch some higher note, and to ring out sweeter symphonies to charm the ear.

So science, civilization, and religion—truth, freedom, and moral purity, are in each successive age emitting a steadier ray, richer fragrance, and higher joys for man's delight and comfort.

"Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes

With smiling future glisten!

For lo! our day bursts up the skies;

Lean out your souls and listen!

The world rolls freedom's radiant way,

And ripens with her sorrow;

Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day,

Shall wear the crown to-morrow."

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#### WOUNDED.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

THE stars looked down on the battle plain,  
And the low night wind went sighing  
Over the heaps of peaceful slain,  
And the weary wounded and dying.

And the moonlight fell in a shower of gold  
On forms all stiff and gory,  
And some were young and some were old,  
And some in their manhood's glory.

And there was one, a youthful form,  
With dark eyes brightly gleaming;  
But from his side the life-blood warm  
In a crimson tide was streaming.

The night-wind tossed his sun-bright curls,  
And kissed his forehead lightly;  
And on his brow, like glistening pearls,  
The dew-drops rested brightly.

Beside him on the gory sod  
A comrade knelt him listening:  
To him, to the angels, and to God  
The boy was softly whispering.

"Comrade," he said, "tried friend and true,  
Life's chain will soon be riven;  
I hear the solemn death tattoo,  
I soon shall rest in heaven.

But, comrade, ere I'm called to go,  
Those friends at home—you knew them;  
I'm far away from them, you know—  
O, bear a message to them!

Go to the fresh, green river-side—  
To the cottage standing near it,  
And tell my mother how I died,  
Though she will weep to hear it.

Tell her we fought the battle well,  
The very air resounded  
With the victor's shout; but many fell,  
And her boy was 'mong the wounded.

Tell her I lived to bless her name,  
For her prayers and early teaching;  
I've thought of them 'mid smoke and flame,  
While death-fraught shells were screeching.

Tell my sister Mary to keep for me  
The rose-tree beside the door-way;  
But, O! tell her not to weep for me,  
For I sleep on the field of glory.

And there is another, a gentle girl,  
God help her! how I love her!  
Tell her we 'll meet in a better world,  
That my spirit will watch above her,

Till the long, dark night of time is past,  
And the murky clouds are riven,  
And the glorious morning dawns at last,  
And we meet in the light of heaven.

Yes, there in heaven!" his voice grew low—  
In his throat a hollow rattle;  
Then his brow grew white as a drift of snow—  
The boy had fought his last battle.

And the soldier took the small, brown hand  
And dropped a tear of sorrow,  
'T was for a distant household band  
That would be sad to-morrow.

—  
The morning poured her golden light  
Upon a vine-clad dwelling,  
And through the air serenely bright  
The lark's sweet song was swelling.

The Summer south-wind kissed the flowers  
Around the cottage door,  
And sang of distant orange bowers,  
Where it had been before.

A stately maple spread its leaves  
O'er the low roof, gray and mossy,  
And a woodbine crept along the eaves,  
With its foliage green and glossy.

Near by the river flowed along  
With a joyous, dancing motion;  
Singing a never-ceasing song,  
As it journeyed to the ocean.

The green fields smiled on either side,  
And gently-waving willows  
Bent to the kisses of the laughing tide,  
And the silver-crested billows.

On every hand was light and bloom,  
In the cottage weary stillness;  
A curtained bed in a darkened room,  
And a form made thin by illness;

A fair young girl in a low arm-chair  
By the sufferer's bedside sitting,  
With a brow like snow and a wealth of hair,  
Where the shadows were ever flitting;

A holy book on a low work-stand,  
Telling of God and heaven,  
And a printed sheet in the girl's fair hand,  
Where a "list of the killed" was given.

The invalid turned her weary head,  
And the maiden looked up to listen,  
"Is there any news of the war?" she said—  
Why did the girl's eyes glisten?

"Only a list of the killed, mamma!"  
The words faltered—the girl was weeping,  
"Read it, Mary, perhaps my boy  
Among the dead is sleeping."

She crushed back her tears, but her cheek was pale,  
And her lip quivered as she read—  
"Mortally wounded—young Harry Dale,  
The pet of the whole brigade.

He fell in the thickest of the fight,  
'Mid the clangor, and din, and rattle;  
But he died when the stars in the sky were bright,  
And he sleeps on the field of battle."

One low, sad cry, like the sigh of a lute,  
When its sweetest chords are broken,  
Then the heart was hushed, the lips were mute,  
Ere the prayer of the heart was spoken.

And the maiden looked up with a shivering start,  
And a cry she could not smother,  
For the ball that pierced the soldier's heart,  
Had broken the heart of his mother.

—  
O, ye who stand on the battle plain,  
By flame and smoke surrounded,  
Think ye how many more are slain—  
How many more are wounded,

Than those who sleep on the gory sod,  
Than those who moan with anguish?  
Ah, there is many a lone abode  
Where other wounded languish!

For the ball that steals the soldier's life,  
Or maims the brave, strong limb,  
Pierces the mother, or sister, or wife,  
Whose hopes are centered in him.

And who shall say when the "list" is read  
By the cold world's curious eye,  
How many more are wounded and dead,  
And how many more may die?



## BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT, D. D.

NIGHT THE TWENTY-SECOND.

THERE is something peculiarly interesting in the act of looking over the entire population of a country, and making our own deductions from what is thus examined. We imagine ourselves as occupying a very high position, from which we can look down upon the multitude; and then the work of inspecting and criticising so many of our fellow-beings at once, in this wholesale way, is not a little gratifying to our sense of self-importance.

We consider ourselves as a sort of focus, to which every thing below has to report itself; we are a polar center, around which the whole field of our observation is made to revolve; and we innocently regard a nation and a people as existing and moving only to furnish us with a subject of easy contemplation.

It is a most desirable part of this business, that those who are thus compelled to furnish us with a topic of study, or amusement, never resent the momentary degradation; for oftentimes they never know that they have been looked at; and when, in other cases, they come to learn this fact, the sum of their conscious importance is too great to be disturbed by the reflections of any single person; or, if that person has any such position or power as to render his observations of consequence, they are at full liberty to enjoy his encomiums, and to ignore his criticisms, with a force and energy equal to their numbers.

We do not feel it necessary, therefore, reader, as we sit down to this evening's entertainment, to make any promises of fair dealing, or to make a virtue of our sincere respect for the country under examination: for, though we are sure to meet this chat again here in Sweden, as it may be echoed in the public prints, we have no more reason than the people have to fear bad treatment; and we shall consequently fall directly to the night's pleasant task, our reader consenting thereunto, and bring the royal family and all the population of this splendid old country into our conversation, with just as much ease and freedom as if we were certain of never being held accountable for what we utter.

II. It may seem that there is no venture, in this half of the nineteenth century, in saying whatever one may wish about whatever persons may form the topic of conversation; but it must be remembered that we are talking in and of a country where it is not held lawful

for a person to say, on all subjects, precisely what he pleases. The liberty of speech is very great on most topics; but there are some things which are not suffered to be spoken of critically with impunity. The vice of evil-speaking is perhaps generally as little restrained in this kingdom as in any country; you may say what you will of almost every body, and of every thing, till you reach a given limit—there you must stop, and think instead of speaking. The Swedes are justly proud of their country, and tender of its reputation; they are still prouder and more tender of their monarch; and, while they suffer and forbear at criticism made upon the nation, they will not tolerate any thing said in disparagement of their king. Never was a ruler more popular with his subjects than Charles XV of Sweden. The grandson of the famous French marshal, Bernadotte, and the son of the revered King Oscar, he is himself more esteemed than either of his royal ancestors, being simply and plainly the idol of his people.

In person the king is a most manly figure, with dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, and a beard of glossy blackness. His face shows him an intelligent, quick, irascible, but yet most balmy and genial gentleman, whose resentments would be speedy but not lasting, and whose friendship would be sincere, firm, and unexact-ing. The manners of the king are entirely democratic. He makes no ostentation of his royalty. His acquaintances meet him with respect, of course, and pay him such salutations as it is becoming for him to receive, and for them to give; but, these over, he holds them at no distance, but draws them directly to himself, as worthy of his confidence; and he will allow nothing but the most perfect personal independence in his presence. He demands no silence as to your opinions; he requires no servile obsequiousness to his notions; and as to fawning and flattery, there is no man in the kingdom better able to detect them, or who holds them in deeper contempt when detected. When he utters any thing, you may agree to it or dissent with perfect freedom; if you assent without good reason, from mere politeness, he will ferret you out, and think rather less of you for this weakness, than if you had frankly maintained your personality; but if you honestly coincide with him in any matter, he will enrich his own judgment by getting from you all the data on which you have grounded your conclusion. In the palace he greets his friends with the ordinary salutations, "How are you, sir, to-day? I am glad to see you; take a chair here, and let us talk a little." If

you have business to unfold to him, he listens with the most perfect self-abandonment; and then answers you promptly, frankly, fully, without the slightest reservation. On the street he rides right on to his destination, but returns heartily all the civilities offered him by the citizens; or he walks with speed, affecting no pompous gravity, as if it were incumbent on a king to put on any royal style of employing his limbs and powers of locomotion; and if he thinks of any thing he wants, as he rides or walks, he will not always send a footman to procure it for him, but will frequently run into a store himself, examine the articles presented, and buy what he desires, like any other gentleman. Indeed, he rather surpasses, in this particular, those known as gentlemen in this kingdom. I will give a single instance out of several that have come to my knowledge on good authority; and I will contrast it with an account of an opposite sort, where a nobleman was the principal character in the transaction.

III. One day the Swedish nobleman in question entered one of the great stores of Stockholm, and directed his servant to examine and select for him an assortment of articles. This done, the things were ordered to be packed up and sent to such a place, where the great man resided. The merchant, who is not a Swede, but an American, replied to his lordship, that he would at once have the goods packed and marked according to directions, but that his terms of trade required the bill to be paid for before the packages could be delivered. With a red face and great agitation the nobleman wished to know if the merchant doubted his ability to pay for what he purchased.

"Not at all," replied the Yankee; "for I know nothing at all about you; but my rules of trade I have made to be kept, not broken."

"But are you so ignorant as not to know Count So-and-so?"

"I am just so ignorant."

"But your rules must be made, of course, for ordinary people, and not for persons of any standing."

"They were made for every body, sir, without respect to their social position."

"But, sir, with a single stroke of my pen I could write a check which should be enough to buy you out a hundred and fifty times; and the check would be good for the cash in any part of Sweden."

"That is very likely, sir; and if you will write such a check, and give me time to test its value at the bank, I will send these goods to your order, and will sell you my entire stock

on the same conditions; but still, sir, I deliver no goods to any man without being paid for them."

The colloquy proceeded no further, as the great man fell at once into such a fury that there was no longer any such thing as talking. He left the store in a lofty rage, and the merchant was suffered to pursue his own reflections.

"If I break my rule for one man," said he, "I must for every other, and then my whole business falls at once from the cash to the credit system. This I can not and will not suffer. I will make no distinctions or discriminations among my customers. Besides, if this nobleman really wants my goods, he will come back, after his rage is over, and take them; for they are not to be found in any other establishment in Sweden, excepting in those agencies of my own, which are conducted upon the same cash-paying principle. Let the goods stand in these boxes a day or two; we will see what becomes of this mad nobleman." Sure enough, the calculating merchant was all right. The Count did want the goods. He could get them no where without paying for them; and so, in a couple of days, he sent his servant with the money, and received them.

IV. When the merchant had finished this narrative, and had enjoyed a hearty laugh at his lordly customer's expense, he said, "Now let me give you an opposite example, lest you might think that all the Swedes are like this lofty Count. It was only yesterday that the king came into my store with a single servant. He desired to look over my stock, but declined going behind the counters, when I requested him to do so, probably because he knew it was not the custom for merchants to allow such privileges to be taken with their establishments. But he inquired for every thing he wanted; he examined every thing himself, and twice stepped back from the counter to give room to ordinary people, who did not seem to know him. When examining the goods handed him, he asked a great many questions, and wished to know when such and such articles first came into use in America. He thus ran into quite a chit-chat about the United States, eulogized the people, and hoped to see many more of them coming to do business within his dominions. The goods selected by him were packed in a basket; his Majesty took out his pocket-book and paid for them like any customer. He told the servant to take them to the palace, and in what room to leave them; then, lifting his hat to the merchant, according to the Swedish manner, he stepped into the

street, and thence hastened along the pavement, as if he had a score of similar things to do before his business ramble should be finished.

"That," said the merchant, in conclusion, "is the difference between a really-great man, and one great only by imagination."

V. I must relate another anecdote of his democratic Majesty, which is related to me at second-hand, but which I believe can be relied on for its truthfulness, and as characteristic of the king's native good sense and kindness. He has a beautiful Summer palace known as Ulriksdal, about seven English miles from Stockholm, which is considered one of the finest places of the kind in Europe, and which all strangers, therefore, have to visit. So, a party of English gentlemen and ladies one day took occasion to run down the bay to the far-famed locality, to examine the spot, and to see how a Swedish king spends his time during the short months of Summer. They passed the guard without difficulty, and, on entering upon the grounds, they encountered a man who seemed to be waiting for something, or some body, as he was sitting quietly upon one of the many "rests" in the front park without occupation. Not knowing precisely what to do, or how to proceed in visiting the palace of a king, one of the party stepped back to the quiet man and explained to him their difficulty; for as chance would have it, the man spoke as good English as himself. The Englishman wished to know if the king was at home; and on being told that he was, wished next to be informed if there were not restrictions about visiting the palace when the king and the royal family were present. The man told him that there were, but that as he was himself connected with the palace, and knew all the parts of it, he would conduct his party, as they did not seem to have a conductor of their own. As they were proceeding to walk over the spacious lawns, on their rambling journey toward the palace, they wished to know if their kind conductor thought they could, by any possibility, be permitted to see the king. The man answered that it was not customary to take strangers into the king's private apartments when he was known to be at home; but, as he was a stirring, uneasy, restless sort of person, they would be very likely to fall in with him before they should have finished their observations. With this hope the party rambled on, in the mean time telling several curious anecdotes they had heard related of his Majesty, and asking their conductor whether they were true. He said, in reply, that there were so

many things reported of the king, good and bad, that it would be difficult to say what might be true, and what false; and he thought, also, as a person connected with the palace, that he would scarcely be a suitable informant on such a subject. They all thought the same, and heartily apologized for their freedom, the apology being received with a kindness that made all straight again. In this way the grounds were all rambled over, the palace was entered and inspected—state-rooms, sleeping-rooms, libraries, cabinets, every thing—the kind-hearted guide, in the true Swedish spirit, exhibiting the whole place to the party with the most perfect skill and patience. He then conducted them to the lawn again, and guided them out through a nearer and more beautiful avenue than the one by which they had entered. They were all charmed with the place. They pronounced it the most splendid Summer retreat for a monarch that they had seen in Europe. They declared that they had enjoyed the most agreeable afternoon they had had in Sweden. They thanked their conductor for his attentions, shaking him warmly by the hand as they were parting with him, having but a single circumstance to regret—"that they had not seen the king." Lifting his hat to them, "I am the king," said Charles XV to his unconscious guests; and so, bowing admirably, after the most approved Swedish style, he turned his steps immediately toward the palace, leaving them in a state of the most delightful bewilderment at the condescension and good-nature of their royal guide.

VI. There are other anecdotes related of the monarch which the Swedes regard as not entirely becoming a royal personage. I will repeat one of these precisely as I have heard it often told in Stockholm. Though I can not vouch for its accuracy, I believe the truth of it is generally admitted. I will say, too, that it is the worst one I have heard related respecting the manners of the king; and I will also add that if this is the most disagreeable anecdote to be told of their royal master, the good people of Sweden, according to my judgment, have no great reason to be ashamed.

The story is, that an important citizen of Stockholm had had the hardihood and bad taste to speak very disparagingly, on several occasions, of his Majesty. Though known to have done so, no notice had been taken of his conduct; and thus, emboldened by this impunity, he at length had proceeded to open slander and bitter defamation. This, according to an old Swedish law, was a capital offense,

and might be punished, if the king saw fit, with beheading. But the king was patient till the offense was repeated in an aggravated form. The man little dreamed that the royal ear had been made acquainted, each time, with the misdemeanor. One day, as the culprit was sitting with some friends, enjoying a social glass and pipe, he received a message from the palace that his Majesty wished to see him there at a certain hour. The man was jubilant. He told his friends that the king was evidently about to confer on him an important office. When the hour arrived he appeared before his Majesty, who, surveying him from head to foot, asked him if he had been saying such and such things about him. Seeing the persons present to whom he had said them, he perceived there was no chance for a moment's denial. He was compelled to confess his misdemeanor in the presence of these witnesses. The king then told the trembling offender that he had forfeited his head, but that he was not worthy of an execution by which so many great Swedes had fallen in the former days. He was worthy, in fact, of only one sort of punishment, and that he should administer himself. So saying, he kicked the culprit out of his room, and some say down the stairs, between the two rows of royal guards. On returning to his apartment, he said to his friends that he did not profess to be a saint; that his life might be open to many criticisms; but that he would not be slandered. What was true he could not object to being repeated of him; but when men came to telling falsehoods, their punishment should be as ignominious as their crime.

Such is the story as told in Stockholm; and for myself, considering all the circumstances, I most sincerely and heartily justify the king. It may be regarded, of course, as an ungraceful act for a monarch to inflict corporeal punishment on a subject; but it should be remembered that, with the law of Sweden in relation to such offenses, there was actual mercy in every kick; and I devoutly wish that there were a royal foot somewhere willing to follow, not only down stairs, but up and down again a score of times, every slanderer, every interested and sly defamer, in every land on earth. Not that I would recommend this proceeding generally; nor would I do such a thing myself; for, in such a case, the best weapon for a Christian is pity—for a gentleman, contempt; and for all men, silence. But as crowned heads have but little to do in the world, if they should all become useful to their generation in this way, I think their subjects should be sat-

isfied that, at such times, their majesties are doing nothing worse!

VII. According to the Constitution and Fundamental Laws of Sweden, the king, like our President, is the head of the executive department; and he also is a coördinate part of the legislative branch of the Government. With us, however, laws can be enacted without the consent, and even against the will of the President. In Sweden the king must sign every bill before it can become a law. He is the commander-in-chief of the army and navy; he has the prerogative, also, of making war and peace; but his supplies must be voted by the Diet, which makes the people, after all, the responsible agents of both peace and war. The king is the person empowered to make all treaties with foreign governments; but he must, in every instance, take the advice of his Council of State; and here again he becomes only the representative of the nation's will. As an executive officer, his powers are not very ample. He executes, of course, no law himself; and though he appoints all his representatives, they, when appointed, are responsible to the people, and must act always according to their own conscience. Royalty, in fact, is rather a name than a thing, more a form than a substance in this kingdom. The people have reserved to themselves nearly the whole power; and they are themselves restrained from the excesses possible under strong provocations, or under popular excitement, by the Fundamental Laws. These laws have great antiquity, and consequently command great respect. They began at the earliest periods of Swedish history, the oldest dating from the days of Odin; they are such as have always remained the same, under every change of the Government, and in every vicissitude of the kingdom; and their force and authority are held to be greater, in all the Swedish courts, than the existing Constitution. The Constitution, for example, as has been said, gives to the king the treaty-making power; but should his Majesty of Sweden make any stipulation, in any treaty, with any foreign nation, against the established interpretation of these time-honored statutes, the courts of the country would be compelled to pronounce it null and void. Sweden may be said to be under the government, not of its recently-accepted Constitution, but of its Fundamental Laws; the king is a mere *nomini umbra*—a person employed to represent the personality of the Swedish population—both people and king being at last controlled by the legal customs of the country; and, consequently, all power is



lodged with the inhabitants of the kingdom, who submit to the old laws from habit. Should they at any time wish to do so, they can easily repeal these ancient statutes, and so assume all power to themselves. Nor would this be done by the smallest resistance to the king, but by a revolution merely of the laws; and this is the explanation of the boast which is continually on the tongue of every Swede, but which has been so difficult to be understood, that Sweden is a free country, and that every man setting his feet upon her soil is free.

VIII. There is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in this declaration; but the king's veto power is an obstacle to the entire acknowledgment of this claim; and yet the people make light of this, as they say a king who should resist the expressed wishes of the people would soon lose his crown, and perhaps his head. There is a famous anecdote told here of a conversation on this point between King Charles John, the grandfather of the present king, and one of the great nobles. Charles, perhaps testing the temper of the nobility, was arguing for the enlargement of the royal prerogatives. The nobleman resisted by quoting the established liberties of the people. "But what if I should take away your liberties?" said his Majesty. "Then," answered the Count, "we should serve you as we have served several other kings—we should employ a soldier to carry your head upon his uplifted pike, and show it to the population, to let them know that Sweden was no longer governed by a tyrant." It is by this popular pressure that the King of Sweden is made to be, in every case, the servant of the State. He can not be a tyrant so long as the people retain this jealous appreciation of their rights; and as they have now maintained the spirit of freedom for so many centuries, when they were less educated than at present, and when they were far more likely to be overreached by royal management, artifice, or fraud, they are quite certain, I think, to maintain themselves in the same way to the end of time.

IX. The people of Sweden, then, in spite of their monarchical form of government, must be confessed to be a comparatively free people, possessing many of the powers of self-government; but they govern themselves, as has been seen, in the most expensive and oppressive way; and then there is the additional embarrassment, that these powers, like their wealth, are unequally and even unjustly apportioned among the different orders of the population. The population of Sweden is divided into nobles, clergy, burghesses, and peasants. These

are the four orders; but there is another order not recognized by the State, and this consists of a large class, who are not noble, nor clerical, nor residents of cities, nor yet peasants. They are simply persons not belonging to either of these classes, but are oftentimes men of the highest character, and of large possessions. They are, outside of the cities, the business people of the kingdom. They are great and small farmers, who own the land they cultivate, or manufacturers, who have their mines and mills in every part of Sweden, but who have no vote nor voice in the government of their country, merely because they are a new sort of people, unknown to the old laws and the original classification of the inhabitants. They are the class who, to a great extent, do the business and make the wealth of the whole nation; but they are not yet acknowledged as an estate, as a power in this ancient kingdom. The truth is, therefore, after all this boast of the Swedes of being a free people, enjoying the blessings of self-government, the boast is true only of those portions of the population known to the laws from the earlier periods of Swedish history. Nor is this the only exception to be taken to this assertion of free government. If the recognized classes do govern the country, they do not have equal privileges and rights among themselves. The nobles stand next to the king; and, though there is no law of primogeniture by which a great family naturally sends down its property to the eldest son in perpetual succession, as in England, the same end has been reached by the law of entailment, which permits the head of such a family to establish a primogeniture as to his own estate. This law is very ancient; it has been a long time in operation; and there are now about two hundred families, whose inordinate wealth and importance are preserved to them by this trick of all old monarchies. Their wealth and historical character give them an overwhelming influence in their own class, which is really led or governed by them; and the consequence is, notwithstanding the popular advantages just mentioned, they are always strong enough to control the king, and generally to command the Diet of the nation; for their power ends not with the king and the lesser nobles. The nobility, thus controlled, have an easy task in managing the clergy, in all questions where the old ways are to be preserved against the modern spirit of reconstruction and improvement. When the clergy are gained, the work of managing the peasantry is not difficult; for the priests have them constantly under observation and within their reach; and with

a unanimity between these three orders, the burgesses or citizens can only restrain them from enacting novelties, or establishing measures contrary to the old laws and detrimental to the nation.

### WOMAN AS A LETTER-WRITER.

BY REV. GEORGE W. DRUSH.

THE writers of letters are many, and the readers are not fewer. Whoever aspires to intelligent intercourse with his fellow-men assumes the epistolary garb, and wears it without any conscious fear or awkwardness. The ease and gracefulness with which he writes are imparted by the sympathies of friendship to his correspondent, and thus all the objects of written communication are pleasantly secured. Each expects every other to act the part of a correspondent, as pleasure, or occasion, or necessity shall suggest; and neither gives, nor has ever himself received any instruction; it is left wholly to our own natural expression, and only changed by such influences as our culture or circumstances may indirectly prompt.

When we consider how many letters are written, and the variety and scope of intellect that are therein exhibited, we can not refrain to ask, why so few of these are excellent, and these, too, so seldom? We know that letter-writing is not taught, and are almost equally certain that it is not learned, and are then left to the only conclusion, that excellence in this field of literature is the natural and unstudied gift of the few, whom nature has thus favored. As confirmatory of this fact we are also assured that mere mental improvement does not always confer equal improvement in the art of letter-writing. Instead, this is often lacking in the inverse ratio of the degree and extent to which other gifts and attainments have been carried; so that one who can write a stately essay, that constrains our admiration for its broad scope and exact statement, shall as much excite our surprise at the meager and tame style of his familiar correspondence. If it be then left wholly to our own natural expression, we shall find that those most excel who have retained the ardor and sincerity of their own loving hearts.

Woman has this warmth and depth of tenderness as her natural dowry. She retains it; and while often made more attractive in her by grace and education, it is seldom utterly lost. In all those feelings which seek their

expression in our familiar correspondence, she is before others in the outstarting.

We would not revive, by this assertion of her peculiar powers, the vexed question of the rights of woman, or provoke any comparison between these and the powers of the opposite sex. Tender sympathies, quick and delicate perceptions of all that is refined in character and conduct, and the molding of our domestic and social customs are committed to her by the charter of her own nature, and by the constitution of human society. Her graceful presence and benign manners are first felt in our own home-circles, and thence diffuse their charm over all, and our most remote associations. She thus becomes the arbitress of our social manners, and these are a true index of our actual status. It is these peculiarities that become her advantage in epistolary literature, and enable her to hold such a ready and attractive pen.

So far as the argument may go from the examples of those who have attained excellence in this field of literary labor, woman need not fear or shun the contest. It should be remembered, too, that heretofore the pursuits of literature have not enrolled her among their votaries, and that her intrusion, till within a recent period, has been rare and noticeable. Besides this, the examples of familiar correspondence which have been deemed so excellent as to prompt their rescue from that oblivion which is the common destination of our epistles, were written undesignedly, and without any forethought of their future fame. The writer only bethought himself of such a picture of his daily life as should portray it in bright and life-like colors to his friend. He never thought of the world as looking upon the canvas of his friendly letter-page. The obtrusion of such a thought would have chilled the heart, and staid the hand of the confiding writer. Now, if this be so among those who have adopted the trade of authorship, how sensitively would woman shrink from the anticipation of challenging the cold, critical gaze of the world to her every-day, friendly correspondence! Yet with all her less-frequent assumption of authorcraft, she has enrolled some names in this line of literary labor that are written among the highest, and that shall be as secure in their fame. Madame de Sevigné might be cited as an example, to which it would not be easy to find an equal, and impossible to find a superior. As an occasional effort we might adduce the letter of Lady Franklin, asking aid of the British Government to send forth another expedition in search of her long-lost and noble

husband. It is the appeal of a woman to our best sympathies—of a fond, faithful wife, as her pining heart bespeaks its yearning for her unforgotten Sir John.

Having glanced hastily toward the general outlines of our theme, let us seek a nearer and more particular view. What, then, is letter-writing, and what is it that renders a familiar letter excellent? It might, perhaps, be defined as written conversation, in which the part of one interlocutor is suppressed. The other part, that of the writer, is expressed—and so expressed as to accord most fitly with the part borne by our absent and unspoken friend, to whom we write. If I so write, then, as I should speak to my friend if he were present, I write well. If all that is written be so told as to become such a picture as we sketch in a lively conversation, and be so composed as to appeal to and excite his friendly sympathies in that of which I write, such a letter is well written. It is a written conversation, in which our part as reader, though unwritten, is most cordially and sincerely implied in that which our absent friend has written.

Now, the art of letter-writing is not more seldom attained in its excellence than that of conversation. Talk and talking are not lacking; and we could rather complain of plethora, in this respect, than of drought. Monologue, too, or the vocal outflow of those irrepressible soliloquizers, that flows on whether we be noisy or silent, whether listeners be few, or many, or none—that flows on ever, as the muddy Nile—this is yet with us, but this is not conversation. This implies the coalescence of kindred minds, that enkindle each other by their contact together, and with the subject, and then together turning the subject into new and enlarging aspects, cause their stream to become mingled, and deepened, and yet clearer as it flows. Now, there are those who seem to be incapable of conversation in this, its true meaning. If they talk—and talk many of them must—they talk for mastery, or show, or for their own vanity's sake. We feel, from their first utterance, that an assault of sound is made against us, and that our best and our only terms are silence. Now, if conversation, orally, under all the promptings of nature, that so spontaneously guide us into a fit expression, so often fail of excellence, we should not wonder that our letter-writing, as written conversation, should also and as often fail. Yet no one of us is without evidences, in our own personal correspondence, that some of its writers possess qualities which now tend toward, and might be trained well-nigh to reach perfection. There are those

with whom we feel, as we trace their familiar handwriting, that our hearts are in perfect unison; and when our own sympathetic feelings unite, as the writer felt they would, with that which he had written, we do commune with the loved and the absent. There is more than the written page before us, and more than its cold words and sentences; there is a friendly heart throbbing along its lines, and with it; as our own catches its glow and warmth, it also beats, and blends as do kindred notes of music.

Now, we believe that a vast and ungathered harvest of good and pleasant influences, in this field, yet await woman as their reaper; not that she only may gather, but that she first, and most easily, may gather them. We can all write letters, and these may be coldly correct, and may not offend against the common rules of grammatical construction. But some men never could learn to write a familiar letter, as many women do naturally, and without any instruction. There is a coarse, clumsy mode of expression in his that marks the 'prentice hand. In hers, though cast off hurriedly, and without study, there are characteristic touches, that in their vivacity and sparkling gayety bespeak not her letter merely, but herself. She apprehends at an earlier age, and more clearly, too, the conception of what a letter should be. Take your own son and daughter, of equal age and equal ability, so nearly as may be, and set both at the task of their first letter. Give both the same facts to be told, and in the same order, and there will be over the daughter's letter that artless, touching air which her girl-nature brings; that of the son presents a bare, inanimate recital of facts, that are as void of any passion, or personality, as a last year's almanac, or an auctioneer's inventory. We might cite other facts that verify these statements. Could we levy upon the treasured correspondence that holds the loves and friendships of many a past life in its sacred stores, how ample would be its testimony! How many of these were traced by woman's hand, and yet bespeak her true and loving heart! How many were prompted by that sympathy which makes her "to weep with them that weep;" and how tender and well told! How many should we find fraught with ill-tidings of death and bereavement, and how soothingly then do her words fall upon the lonely ear, and become balm to the wounded spirit! How few letters are kept that she has not written!

It is not, however, with the purpose of unseemly flattery, or vindicating her right to an

unclaimed honor in the literary world, that we have written. It is with the desire to rescue talents that, by disuse, are going to waste and rust; and to prompt their unconscious possessors to bring these dutifully to the altar of our common country. We are told, and we tell with not less pride ourselves, of the labors and sacrifices of our women of the Revolutionary period, in aiding our brave forefathers in their patriotic struggle. That was an exigency that involved the entire land, from its thickly-peopled city to its lowliest cabin, and bound all together by the dread of common danger, and the cohesion of a common destiny. This is the people's war not less than that, and nobly have they bowed their willing shoulders to its burdens. Upon its altar, with as stern a sacrifice as in patriarch of old, they, too, have laid their beloved Isaacs, and as calmly awaited a like evidence that the same Jehovah would provide for them and theirs. With an unstinted generosity they have met every exaction of the Government that was needful to its maintenance, and then poured as lavish a tide of moneyed supply into the treasuries of private benevolence. This is the spirit with which the public and private life of this people has been pervaded during the entire period of the war. In the humblest homes of this land the dwellers have worn a plainer garb, and spread their own daily board with plainer food, that they might cast more into the treasury of a suffering country. Amid these common sacrifices those of woman have not been least, or less willingly rendered than those of others. Her soothing hand has smoothed the brow of the lonely hospital-sufferer, when wrung with anguish; she has lingered beside the coarse cot of the dying soldier, and folding his hands upon his stilling breast, has committed his soul to his Maker, and mingled her prayer with his latest breath. A rude soldiery has become softened and gentle as she moved amid them in the ministry of her charity. Thus has she become endeared to the living, and blended her name with the last words and prayers of the dying. She has done much, but it was done in that spirit of love which is ever ready to do more.

Now, there is a labor, that is yet scarcely begun, that is hers, and is cast upon her ever-active hands. It is the devotement of her talent to the task of correspondence with our absent soldiers, and that is now so ill-done, or wholly neglected. We would not imply, and would spurn, in her name, the imputation of that unblushing and promiscuous letter-writing which parades its offers in some of our papers, and

thus, doubtless, inveigles many into impure associations.

Could our words reach the many broken home-circles that have sent a son or husband, a father or brother to our country's martial call, we should urge a weekly, habitual communication with that absent one, by a friendly correspondence. If he be kept from vice and vicious contamination, it will be done, next to the direct influence of grace, by the only less direct influences of home and kindred. That soldier who ever bears with him the atmosphere of his own pure hearth-stone, and its unceasing prayers, will receive no blot or stain. He will look at vice, and the vicious, with the same vision with which he would look at them when amid the loved ones at his own fireside. He will not only be himself pure, but his presence will be purifying.

The prophetic Scriptures unveil to us the vision of this world when redeemed, and even its fiercest animals shall have become subdued by a luminous touch, in that phrase, "A little child shall lead them." So has many a man, that might else have been hard and reckless, been kept tender and courageous by the leadings of his little ones, as their memories stayed his soldier-life in the far-off camp! He can not go far wrong while he keeps pace, in his heart and his doings, with his own loved ones. They will, more likely, lead him to duty, to God, and heaven. Let, then, the visions of home be kept bright before the eye of soldier-friend, by those yet left of its loving circle. If this be done, their absence will be cheered, and the strife of arms and the contamination of camp-life will not move the brave soul from its manly and Christian integrity. Could we look in upon the soldier in his tent, or elsewhere in lonely musings, upon the eve of battle, we should first see him bow the devout knee to God, and then read the letters that are carried so fondly in his bosom. Many such have been found afterward, clasped in their death-grasp, or stained with their own life-blood. If you would provide such a memorial, let not your letters, few and hurried, be as faded flowers in the dying hand of son, or brother, or lover; but let their date testify that these messages were so frequent as to leave no place for forgetfulness.

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TRUE glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.—*Pliny*.



## THE LAKE DISTRICT IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

BY REV. H. B. WELCH.

## CAYUGA LAKE AND TAGHKANIC FALLS.

THE Lake District in Central New York deserves to be better known by American tourists and scholars, and especially by the citizens of the Empire State. Two great railways, the Central on the north, and the Erie on the south, skirt its whole extent; while a double line of steamers ply daily upon the waters of Cayuga, Seneca, and Canandaigua Lakes, to convey passengers to and fro from these great thoroughfares, and at the same time to regale them with purest air and enchanting scenery on the way, or bear them to localities where they would gladly linger amid inviting villas, beautiful rural retreats, charming ravines, and waterfalls wild and grand. This entire lake region is one of the most attractive in the world. In fertility it equals the valley of the Nile; in beauty, the lake district of Northern Italy; in agricultural capability and advancement, the better portions of England; and in legendary interest, the Highlands of Scotland.

After spending a few days at Trenton Falls, whose charm grows upon us with each renewed visit, we pushed forward to Cayuga, the largest of the group of five sister lakes, reserving Skaneateles and Owasco for our return. It is desirable to tarry awhile, if the tourist can, at Canoga, or Aurora, or Cayuga, and acquaint himself with the surrounding country, and catch a sail at eventide, or a row by moonlight, or sunrise on the waters of the placid lake.

Eighty-five years ago there was not a single white residence in Cayuga county; now it is one of the most populous and thriving counties in the State. Aurora is noted as the place of the first house built in the county. Near the spot is New Park, the residence of Mr. Wells, of the Express Company. It ranks among the first class of residences along the Hudson, and, from a good point of observation below the town, reminds one of country seats in England.

The visitor will be, perhaps, no less attracted by the taste and elegance displayed by the Morgans, and he will not willingly fail to visit the celebrated garden of Dr. Thompson, and gather a sprig from a genuine cedar of Lebanon, and the Paulonia of India, which flourish as luxuriantly on the shores of Cayuga as in their native climes.

An excursion of three miles down the lake to

Levanna, will bring him to Angleside, the residence of Mr. Grinnell. Here the agriculturist will be delighted with one of the best farms in the county, or the State; and the lover of nature with a charming view of the lake and the shore ten miles in either direction. Here merchant-princes are wont to congregate for rest from the strife and toil of metropolitan life, and hither Washington Irving did aforetime resort to enjoy leisure and letters, the gentle loveliness of nature embellished with the skillful decorations of cultivated taste.

Across the lake is Canoga, a quiet village, noted for its historic associations. Its beautiful Indian name signifies "sweet water," and was applied by the dusky men of the forest to a famous spring a mile from the lake, near which Red Jacket, the celebrated chief, was born, in 1750. His Indian name, like all Indian names, was significant—"Sa-go-ye-wat-ha," "He keeps them awake;" and long did his sleepless vigilance keep alive the savage watch-fires, and stimulate to fury the revengeful spirit of his tribe. The oak-tree, which tradition marks as the place of his birth, is a leafless, dead trunk; but the spring is yet living, and sparkles with bubbles of nitrogen gas which leap forth from the bottom at the slightest disturbance from above. It is distinguished as one of only a few springs of this kind in the world. Its waters are clear and sweet as when the Indians first named it Canoga.

And now at sunset, if the tourist seat himself in a row-boat, a short pull at the oars will bring him in full view of the great Central Railroad, as it sweeps across the foot of the lake in a semicircle of more than a mile, traversed at this hour by puffing engines and gigantic trains from the East and the West, rushing forward with their smoky banners as if for deadly conflict; while from the South, on the bosom of the lake, are seen the stars and stripes floating from the deck of an approaching steamer. Here and there on the clear waters, as they reflect the blue heavens and the fleecy clouds, appear the snowy sails of the lake-boats, moving slowly now, but expecting the breeze which is sure to spring up from the south at midnight; while just in front, between the advancing steamer and the hurrying train, rises up a grand old skeleton, one mile and a quarter in length, reaching from shore to shore—the ghost of the Cayuga bridge that died during the monetary crisis of 1857, after a prosperous and honorable life from September 5, 1808. It was a twin child of the State with the Erie Canal, begotten by the practical

genius of Dewitt Clinton, eighteen months to its birth, at an expense of \$150,000. But it repaid its cost a score of times, and will be remembered by the East and the West as a common benefactor, and ere long the public voice will demand that its waste places be restored. An unreliable ferry is but a sorry substitute for this substantial convenience. Personally I have no reason to complain, as in the absence of a bridge and the delay of the ferry, my friends made a virtue of necessity, and, with the sunrise, rowed me across the lake to meet the early steamer or the train. I chose the former, and in the early morning steamed up the lake toward Ithaca, a name quite diverse from Canoga, in association reviving the memory, not of a savage but a classic warrior, immortalized by the first of epic bards as "the prudent Ulysses."

This inland lake is by no means to be despised. It is as large as the lakes of Italy, as beautiful though not as grand as those of Switzerland, and more enriched by legend than those of the British Isles. A peculiarity in which it surpasses all of these is the exuberant forests and rich, cultivated farms that diversify and adorn its shores on either side. As we advance we review the places already mentioned.

And now our steamer, appropriately named "Aurora," nears Park Island, a brilliant emerald on the bosom of the lake, and the *single* jewel worn by the gentle Cayuga. This island is a lovely spot, far enough from the shore to furnish a pleasant row or charming sail; supported by the rock, and defended by it against the dash of the waters; bordered by thrifty elms of twenty Summers, that wave their welcome to the visitor; while the brightest verdure covers the little island, presenting a fairy lawn which invites the gay to pleasure and the weary to repose.

Park Island is, of course, a favorite resort for the old and the young from all the region adjacent. Small as it is, it appeared to me larger than Meggenhorn, the single island that graces Lucerne, the lake of the four Swiss Cantons, and more beautiful. Upon the little island of Meggenhorn the friends of freedom reared a monument to William Tell, the founder of Swiss liberty; and here on Park Island from a lofty standard there waves the National flag, the emblem of American liberty. Fitting is the apostrophe addressed by the author of "Frontenac" to the islet and the lake:

"Sweet silvan lake! one single gem  
Is in thy liquid diadem;  
No sister has this little isle

To give its beauty smile for smile;  
With it to hear the blue-bird sing,  
'Wake, leaves and flowers! here comes the Spring!'  
With it to weave for Summer's tread  
Mosses below and flowers o'erhead;  
With it to flash to gorgeous skies  
The opal pomp of Autumn dyes,  
And when stern Winter's tempests blow,  
To shrink beneath his robes of snow."

As we advance the lake widens, till at one point it is, at the lowest estimate, three and a half miles, and, as the captain of the *Aurora* averred, four miles from shore to shore. And now it bends gracefully to the east, so as to relieve the monotony and close the direct line of view, only to open up a charming surprise as the steamer rounds the promontory. Gradually the lake contracts in width, the shores grow bolder, and here and there a gorge breaks down from the summit of the western ridge to the water level, combining sublimity with beauty.

But there is a feature of the lake scenery yet in store for us surpassing any thing that we have seen—alas! too often unknown by the tourist, and therefore passed by unnoticed—which would itself repay the traveler for a journey across the State, if there were nothing else worth seeing along the entire way. I refer to Taghkanic Falls, ten miles below the head of the lake. The steamboat landing is unpretentious and by no means attractive; but the number that land there is steadily increasing, and will continue to hereafter as it becomes better known, till the accommodations shall become the best on the lake.

A few rods from the shore, and quite out of sight from the steamer, the tourist is suddenly confronted by the mouth of a grand gorge, three hundred feet deep, perhaps one-third as broad, between perpendicular walls of solid rock, with a waterfall pouring down its rocky bed. This gorge extends back for a mile, deepening and widening into the heart of the mountain with fantastic curves and overhanging cliffs, and a frontlet of pines on either brow. The adventurous pedestrian may thread the entire gorge with, perhaps, the single risk of wet feet as he passes from island to island on the way. Before he reaches the second, or grand fall, he will observe an almost perpendicular ladder of more than two hundred steps, ascending to the summit of the cliff. If he decline to thread the entire length of the ravine, he may make the circuit of the public road, the side of which borders the brink of the gorge, permitting him to trace its windings as he proceeds, and look down into its dizzy

depths. Then he can descend from the road by the perpendicular ladder to the bottom of the ravine, on his way to the second fall. The gorge swells upward and around him into a magnificent amphitheater, echoing and re-echoing with the noise of the distant rapid and the falls. Suddenly there breaks upon his view a cataract, making a single leap of two hundred and fifty feet, from a pathway sixty feet wide and a hundred feet deep, which it has cut through the solid rock. Sometimes, when the gorge is filled with water, it is a raging cataract, shaking the firm hills with its thunder. Now, when the stream is low, it forms one of the most beautiful cascades that any land can boast. It resembles the Dust Falls of Staubbach, which is the pride of Switzerland; though inferior in height, for Staubbach claims eight hundred or one thousand feet; yet it is superior to it in some other respects; its waters are nearer milky white; its height is not so great as to dash it completely to dew dust in its fall; it has just water enough to retain some consistency, and yet descent enough to make it thin, and light, and soft as a pendent veil of snowy gauze with which the air is fondly sporting, and which occasional gusts from below lift into successive graceful, snowy folds, inwrought with colors of the rainbow, which float awhile before the eye ere they sink into the seething lakelet that circles below.

No words, however, can convey a just idea of the commingled beauty of cascade, precipice, cliff, and gorge. The pencil has made the attempt, but, in the sketches I have seen, has sadly failed to do it justice.

Opposite the fall stands the Taghkanic House, for the accommodation of visitors. From either story of the house the fall is visible through the leafy trees. The easy swing and rustic seats are each arranged to command a peculiar view. The perfume of the pine fills the air with a healthy fragrance, and its whispering music floats upon the breeze. Unpretentious but most satisfactory entertainment cheers the visitor, and prepares him for an after-dinner stroll to the third falls, or succession of charming cascades, eighty rods beyond, which should by no means be neglected; for these alone are sufficient to repay one's delay at Taghkanic. As I proposed to make the tour of the lakes, I had arranged only for a tarry between the morning and evening steamers for Ithaca. My only regret was, that I must bid adieu so soon to the lovely scene. It was, however, with the firm resolve that whenever I might enjoy a sail over Cayuga Lake, I would not

pass Taghkanic by. Descending to the lake I rested awhile on the grassy slope to watch the approach of the steamer, just visible at the distance of twenty miles. In due season we were taken on board, beheld the headland—boldest scenery of the lake—arrayed in the glory of sunset; and as soft twilight descended we landed at Ithaca.

### BOLDNESS AT THE THRONE OF GRACE.

BY MRS. C. L. G. MARKHAM.

DARK clouds had gathered o'er my way,  
And unknown paths before me lay,  
While tangled briars flourished where  
Sweet flowers once bloomed in beauty rare.

Misfortunes crowded in my track;  
Joys vanished I could not call back;  
Snarers waited for my weary feet,  
And dangers loom'd I dared not meet.

My friends forsook in time of need;  
No kindly hand to aid or lead;  
Weary, tempted, and despairing,  
None I thought for me was caring.

The night came on, the fearful night!  
Lost! lost! no help, no guide, no light!  
Lost in sorrow's night of darkness;  
Lost in temptation's wilderness.

A voice then whispered, "God is here;"  
Strange I'd forgotten, in my fear,  
One who is ever near to aid;  
Then eagerly I knelt and prayed—

"Father, let not thy sinful child  
Now perish in the fearful wild;  
Reach down, I pray, thy hand to me,  
And lead me safely up to thee."

A heavenly light around me shone,  
I felt a strong arm round me thrown,  
And far away, O, blessed sight!  
Arose to view a city bright.

The tempter vanished when I knelt;  
No longer fear or pain I felt;  
The vision of the shining goal  
New hope breathed in my fainting soul.

Upheld by that Almighty Arm,  
No earthly ills can do me harm;  
Where erst so dark, now sunlight gleams,  
And all the way with beauty beams.

A song of praise my glad heart sings,  
And faith gives eyes and hope gives wings;  
So ever upward mounts my soul  
Toward heaven, the spirit's blissful goal.

## CHARITY.

BY ELIZABETH E. R. PERRY.

"WHO is that scapegrace seated at your kitchen table, Mary?" asked Grace Charlton of her next-door neighbor, Mary Newton, as she followed her into the sitting-room one cold, blustering afternoon in the early part of March.

"I can not tell you his name; he is a stranger, knowing no one in our village. I believe he said that he was going to Portsmouth, and that he had friends living there."

"Friends, indeed! He don't look as though he had a friend in the world; and I wonder, Mary, that you are so easily taken in. Just as likely as not he is some outlaw, an impostor, no doubt, some worthless, lazy vagabond just out of the penitentiary; how do you know? indeed, I think you do wrong. It would not take me long to shut the door in the face of such trash, I tell you. I have no confidence in these beggars; they never get any thing out of me, I assure you."

"Well, you and I are two different persons," Mary had often thought this, and now she said so with a flushed face and a thoughtful air. "As to calling this man a beggar, you have no right to do so; he did not beg, he wished to get work; said he was out of money, and was willing to do any thing, and if I could only give him work, or tell him where he could get something to do, he should feel very grateful."

"Ah, yes; very willing to work—great, strong, healthy-looking man! Why don't he do it, then? I dare say he could find work if he wished it," and Grace rocked herself vigorously while she toyed with the ring on her snowy hand.

"You know," said Mary, "that this has been a hard Winter, and it is no easy task for those who have only their day labor to depend on to get along comfortably. Many large business houses and factories have had to curtail their expenses, and in doing so, many is the poor soul that has been turned adrift to battle with the cold waves of adversity as best they could. How gladly would many such be to toil the live-long day, if the remuneration were only sufficient to keep hunger and cold from their door, rather than ask help of another!"

"I should think it would be very humiliating, indeed, and I guess that I should be very likely to drown beneath the cold waves of adversity, as you say, before I bring myself so low as to do it."

"Grace, it's easy enough to talk, and say what you would do were you circumstanced thus. You know not what you would do. Life is sweet, and I think if the worst should come, you could do much that now seems to you impossible, rather than starve."

'We talk of another's sorrow  
In a light and careless way,  
Forgetting the clouds of to-morrow  
May darken the brightest day.'

I would rather feed twenty impostors, as you call them, than turn one hungry, suffering one away from my door. I should never be happy again."

"Dear me! I should never let a thought of it trouble me. It's a perfect disgrace to have such a set of ragamuffins enter your house. What will our rich neighbors over the way think? I tell you, they don't get in there."

"It matters not to me what others think, if I am convinced that I am right; and as for my rich neighbors, they are no better than my poor neighbors. I would rather be poor all my life than to be as miserly and selfish as some. There's Mr. Goldfish; he holds his purse with such a tight gripe, I often wonder if he thinks to leave it this side of heaven's gate. Poor old man, how I pity him! They say he goes regularly to church, and professes to be a very good man, and yet is never known to do a benevolent act. Although worth his thousands, he lives in a little old house, and makes a perfect drudge of his poor wife rather than use his money. Ah, did he but feel as he should; did he but listen to that still, small voice, would he not hear the whispered words, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days?' Yes, it would then bring him sweet reward in the world to come. But, poor, short-sighted mortal! he will soon have to leave it all, and lose the reward he might have gained."

"Well, I declare, Mary, you would make a good preacher. Pity you were not a missionary to some of the Cannibal Islands; it would have been just the thing!" and Grace laughed heartily as she added, "for did you fail in your efforts to enlighten the poor creatures, I imagine you would so willingly sacrifice yourself for the sake of letting the poor things have a good meal."

"We need not travel far to become missionaries. If we wish, here at home there is much to be done; but how few that are willing to go forth and sow the good seed! And since it has not fallen to my lot to leave my own dear land, and the friends I so dearly love, I hope



to be thankful for the many blessings I so undeservedly enjoy, and willing to do the little good I can, never forgetting, Grace, that in entertaining strangers, the Bible tells us, we may sometimes entertain angels unawares; and a stranger never comes hungry and cold to my door but I think of this."

"And oftentimes imagine, I suppose," said Grace, laughing, "that an angel has indeed come. Well, well, if you are not one of the most imaginary creatures I ever met with! I don't believe you ever suspect evil of any one. You are always excusing and covering over the faults of others. I never saw your like. Well, we are told in the good Book that 'charity covers a multitude of sins.'"

"Yes," said Mary, "and that 'charity suffereth long, and is kind.' What right have we to think evil of others, when we know no evil of them? This I think would be cruel and unkind. I have seen much of it in my little life. I have my faults; but, O, I pray that I may never be guilty of judging wrongfully a human soul. Did we but think more seriously of the effect it so often produces upon the poor victim of our malice or mistrust, I think that many a censure would be suppressed, many an unkind word unspoken. Remember, the Bible tells us this, too, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' Yes, Grace, there is a day coming when we shall all stand before the great and final Judge of all the earth. It is a solemn thought, when we feel how little good there is in us at best, and that only through goodness we may secure an entrance to that holy city, where we may dwell together in peace and harmony, one happy brotherhood."

"Well," said Grace, "I expect you are right. I wish I had the same independence, and cared as little for the opinions of others as you do. You are always doing some good, visiting the sick, poor or rich; and, indeed, I believe you take greatest delight in visiting the poor, and yet no one seems to think any the less of you for it. It appears to me that I could not do so, and find favor as you do."

"O, yes you could, if you were convinced that you were right, and willing to assert your independence in maintaining that right. You would be thought just as much of; at least those who would think less of you for doing what good you could, their friendship would not be worth having. You think too much of outward appearances, and of what your rich neighbors will say of you. O, Grace,

you may well be called a slave to fashion, a mean, low fashion, that would degrade the poor, toiling millions of our land—the very salt of the earth; while the base and idle lounge holds his full purse high in air, telling you, in his own pompous way, that 'money makes the man.'"

"Well, Mary, I know it is too true, and I feel that what you have said will do me good; but I must go now. I wonder if the poor fellow I found in the kitchen is through his meal yet?"

The two went out together, and Grace tarried as Mary asked him if he had eaten all he wished, and heard his grateful thanks as he told her how hungry he had been, having traveled all day without a mouthful to eat; and how he had asked for work along the way, and been refused, and had not the heart to tell his situation till he came there; and that she had looked kind, and so "I—I"—but the tears stole down his cheek, and with a "God bless you!" he turned to leave. "Where will you stay to-night?" asked Mary. "God only knows," he replied. "Here, take this; it will procure you a night's lodging and a breakfast;" and as he held forth his hand to receive the change, Grace said, in a choking voice, "Will you take this? it will help you some;" and with many thanks the care-worn traveler departed.

"There," said Grace, "I feel happier already. My dear friend, it is really sweet to do some little good, and I shall ever thank you for the knowledge of it."

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### TO A FRIEND.

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BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

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WEARY of life?—then count thy jewels o'er;  
Not these alone, for thou hast many more,  
Bright-tinted memories of the morning time,  
When life and love were synonyms sublime;  
There are thy treasures, carefully concealed,  
Yet to thine own mind's eye each day revealed.

Not there alone, for thou hast many more;  
The present garners yet for thee rich store;  
The morning dews are thine, sunshine and showers,  
The songs of birds and sympathy of flowers;  
Sweet voices of the year, alternate change,  
Of seasons gladdening earth with beauty strange.

Not there alone, for thou hast many more;  
The cup that thou hast drained was running o'er;  
Yet jeweled hopes are thine, and words of cheer,  
Which the Good Shepherd left to greet thine ear;  
And in that mansion, when the night is past,  
With thy beloved mayest thou be crown'd at last!

## LIFE AND GENIUS OF PASCAL.

BY PROF. J. P. LACROIX.

THE Romish Church has ever, even in her darkest days, contained enough of the salt of virtue to save her from the doom of Sodom. Almost every age has exhibited a Bernard, a Kempis, a Guyon, or a Fenelon, whose bright graces contrasted strangely with the surrounding gloom. If not always under sacerdotal robes, at least under the humble garb of the unlettered devotee, the Mother Church has unfailingly kept warm a few embers of that holy fire with which she should have purified the world.

In the front rank of her best sons stands, without doubt, Blaise Pascal. Two hundred years ago the world bowed reverently before the brilliancy of his genius and piety, and succeeding ages have wafted no cloud across the glory of his name. To this day it would be difficult to decide whether he exhibited more greatness as a mathematician, naturalist, critic, satirist, or logician; for in all these spheres he proved himself a master-workman. If to these rare qualities we add that he presented as perfect an example of Christian humility as history affords us, then we have both the reason and the justification of the place he holds in the esteem of mankind.

Blaise Pascal was born of a noble family, at Clermont, Auvergne, in 1623, and closed his bright career in 1662, at the early age of thirty-nine. His precocious genius was carefully cultured by a literary father. So early was his mathematical talent developed, that in his thirteenth year, and before he had looked into a geometry, he was caught demonstrating, on a pavement, the thirty-second proposition of Euclid. At sixteen he wrote an Essay on Conic Sections, whose excellency even Descartes was forced to admit. At nineteen he invented his Arithmetical Machine, an instrument for making automatic calculations, evincing great ingenuity in the inventor, but proving of little practical utility.

He was the first naturalist who demonstrated the fallacy of the old *dictum*, that "nature abhors a vacuum." The fallacy had been conjectured by Galileo and Torricelli; but Pascal, by ascending a hill—the Puy de Dome—with a tube of mercury, experimentally proved that it is the air which sustains the column in the tube.

At the age of twenty-six he had composed works on mathematics and physics, which gave him, in those regards, the fame of the wisest

men of his time; and before him lay the most inviting fields for wider investigations. At this point, strange to say, Pascal abandoned science almost entirely, and henceforth gave attention to theology and religion. From the age of eighteen he had been a physical sufferer. Six years later he was attacked by paralysis. Seven years later still—1654—his seriousness was increased by a narrow escape from a fearful death, the horses of his carriage having rushed over a precipice into the Seine. He took this as a call from God to a holier life.

Six leagues from Paris, in a desolate vale, was prospering the celebrated Abbey of Port Royal. Thither many pious scholars had betaken themselves, such as Arnauld, Quesnel, Nicole, and De Sacy. Letters, science, and devotion were their occupations. To this retreat Pascal fled, that he might fully engage in that severity of self-denial which he regarded as his duty to God. No doubt the austerities he here practiced hastened his early death.

At this time the Jesuits began to hurl upon their Catholic brethren, the Jansenists, that storm of persecution which culminated in the demolition of Port Royal. The Jesuits, instituted in 1540 to counteract the Lutheran Reformation, had obtained great power in every Catholic country. Their lax morality, their justifying the worst of means by the desirableness of the end, are well known.

The Jansenist sect of Catholics was formed in 1640 by Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, a pious disciple of St. Augustine. Their special tenets were: the utter moral impotency of the natural heart; the irresistibility of grace; an atonement for the elect only; and the right of the people to have the Bible and liturgies in their mother tongue. The strict morality and liberal principles of this people brought upon them the bitter hatred of the Jesuits. Port Royal was the stronghold of Jansenism. The Jesuits resolved on its destruction. They procured from Pope Alexander VII a condemnation of the tenets of Jansen.

While this storm was gathering the Port Royalists did their utmost to justify their own principles and to expose those of the Jesuits. From this effort sprang the "Provincial Letters" of Blaise Pascal—a work of unsurpassed wit, sarcasm, argument, and elegance of style; a work which, more than any other, has fixed and stamped upon the French language the precision and chasteness it now possesses. What Luther's prose did for the German, Pascal's effected for the French. These "Letters," nineteen in number, were published successively in pamphlet form, over the *nom de plume* of

Louis de Montalte, and addressed to the common-sense of the masses. Although they did not avert the destruction of Port Royal, they inflicted on Jesuitism a wound from which it never recovered. They unavailed to the world, for the first time, the depth of the craft, duplicity, and remorseless ambition of that powerful order; so that to this day, and for all time, the very name of Jesuit is synonymous with all that is hateful.

Of these "Letters" Voltaire says, "Moliere's best comedies do not excel them in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet in sublimity." Boileau declared to Bourdaloue, the Jesuit, that there is only one modern book to be compared to the works of the ancients—"it is Pascal." "*Morbleu*," exclaimed the Jesuit. "Pascal! Yes, Pascal is as well written as any thing false can be." D'Alembert, after remarking of most of the works published in Pascal's day, that "it is impossible to endure them," adds, "In the 'Provincial Letters' there is not a single word that has become obsolete, though written above a century ago."

It might be profitable to learn how Pascal succeeded in giving to these "Letters" such excellency of style. Was it by mere genius? Did they float out from his mind spontaneously, as do gorgeous, ideal creations from the soul of the poet? The answer to this question is a fresh confirmation of the truth of the verse of Horace, "*Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons*." Nicole says: "Pascal was often occupied twenty entire days on a single Letter. He wrote some of them seven or eight times before he brought them to their final perfection."

The Jesuits sought in every way to deter Pascal from continuing his "Letters." Having reproached him with ridiculing, in them, sacred things, he responded: "It is one thing to laugh at religion, and quite another to laugh at those who corrupt it. It would be impious to lack respect for the Divine precepts; but it would also be impious to lack contempt for the falsehoods which man opposes to them. As truth deserves love, so error deserves hatred. For, as there is in religion a holy majesty which renders it venerable, so there is in error an inconsistency which renders it ludicrous." Near the close of his life, having been asked if he did not repent having written so severely in his "Letters," he replied, "Far from repenting of it, if I had them to write again, I would write with much more severity."

Another work on which Pascal's fame partly rests is his "*Pensées*"—*Thoughts*. It is but

the scattered stones of a noble temple which he designed to rear in defense of the primary truths of religion; but which his death prevented his completing. They were found roughly sketched on old letters, or scraps of paper, and it was with great difficulty that many of them were deciphered at all. Some of them break off in the middle of a sentence. They were written in the midst of the pain and anguish of his last few years. In himself, perhaps, was realized what he said of man in his greatest moods: "It needs not the roar of artillery to hinder him from thinking—the slightest noise will do it. Be not surprised that he reasons ill just now; a fly is buzzing in his ears. If you wish him to discover truth, chase away that insect which holds in check that mighty intellect which governs kingdoms." Still, unpolished as many of these thoughts are, they are an ample evidence of philosophical breadth and insight. The reality of God, the truth of the Bible, the greatness and misery of man—these are his themes. Ridicule, argument, eloquence, expostulation, love—these are all successively brought to bear on the atheist. Man, on the one hand, in the misery of his fall, a prey to lust, darkness, and despair; and, on the other, in the greatness of his redemption, regeneration, and immortality, is painted with appalling and inspiring vividness. The degradation of the natural man, and the dignity of the converted, were Pascal's constant thoughts. "What a chimera," exclaims he, "is man! What a novelty, what a chaos, what a contradiction! Judge of all things; imbecile worm of the clay; depository of truth; whirlpool of doubt; glory and shame of the universe: if he exalts himself, I will abase him; if he abases himself, I will exalt him."

Enough of the books of Pascal. Look we now at the man himself. Of his intellectual, his mathematical, scientific, dialectical, sarcastic, critical greatness, we have given already sufficient indication. In theology he was a Fatalist. Recoiling from the semi-Pelagianism of the Jesuits, he rushed to the worse error of Jansen. To exalt Divine grace, he reveled among the ruins of the human will. He was liberal in politics, approving monarchy only as a preventive, among an uneducated people, of the greater evil of civil war. "The evil to be feared," said he, "from an imbecile king is neither so great nor so certain."

He was a Papist; resting all his days in Luther's early error of aiming to reform Popery, instead of perceiving in it the enemy of Christ. He was right in waging a life-warfare against the corruptions of Popery, but wrong

in equally opposing Protestantism. Yet in one respect he was a Protestant. When his writings were condemned by the Pope, he declared, Luther-like, "If my 'Letters' are condemned at Rome, what I condemn in them is condemned in heaven." The "Letters" themselves were written against a bull of the Pope.

He was superstitious. No stronger proof of the evil of a wrong creed need be sought than the humiliating follies into which Popish teachings sank the grand intellect of Pascal. A relic—a holy thorn—was brought to Port Royal. The inmates went in procession and kissed it. Among them there was a niece of Pascal, who had, for a long time, had a fistula in the eye. She touched it with the thorn, and it was said she was immediately cured. Whatever was the cause of the cure, or whether there was any cure at all, Pascal confidently believed it was a real miracle, and defended it as such. Toward the close of his life—pitiable spectacle!—he spent much time in visiting many churches where there were relics, or special ceremonies; and, to direct him in this, he had a "spiritual almanac" in which the relics and services were registered. With sorrow do we read that, in his declining years of feeble health, he practiced the most unwholesome asceticism, and that he even wore beneath his garments a girdle of iron, in which there were sharp points, which, when his thoughts seemed to wander from religion, he was wont to strike into his flesh with his elbow. He came finally to regard nearly all the natural joys which Providence loves to bestow on man, as so many temptations of Satan. "I can approve," said he, "only of those who seek happiness in tears." "Disease is the natural state of Christians."

By the false notion that our required love to God is inconsistent with much affection for our friends, he was led to suppress all expression of love and gratitude for his sister, who sedulously ministered to his declining years, and even to reproach her for caressing her own children. "It is unjust," said he, "that any one should love me, . . . for I am the end of no one, nor can I satisfy any one." "It looked to me," said his sister, "as if I were putting him in pain even at the very moment I was striving to perform the most affectionate offices for him in his illness."

Despite this outward frigidity, his inmost heart was all ablaze with love. No one was kinder than Pascal. Like Wesley, he gave all his goods to feed the poor.

But the crowning glory of Pascal is, that amid the intoxicating plaudits of the world,

and the puerile rites of Popery, he ever retained a calm soul and a pure heart. Jesus never had a more ardent admirer or sincere disciple. He lived on the threshold of eternity. One sight he never tired gazing at—the robe of Christ's righteousness. His seraphic intellect bowed at the cross with the reverence of Paul; his heart clung to it with the love of John. His meekness was that of an infant. The omnipresence of God was to him a felt verity. He dwelt in God and God in him.

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### HOPE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

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THROUGH cloudy tracts the future goes  
Far reaching, who knows where?  
But wishful pleasures and sad woes  
Unseen are waiting there.  
There sitting on some golden strand,  
Washed by the waves of time,  
Sits Hope, the fairy, with her wand,  
And singing songs sublime.

Across the roar of winds and waves  
Her voice alluring comes,  
To turn us from the by-way graves,  
To further, happier homes;  
We see the beckoning of her hand  
Through mists of chaos days—  
Far off, but can not understand  
Her vapor-hidden ways.

How fondly do we turn to her,  
And at her beckoning move,  
With heart whose beat is happier,  
And soul whose heat is love!  
Up from the dust we raise the eye  
In Hope's enchanting trance,  
And all our sad repinings fly  
Before her countenance.

O, Hope! whose power is ever sweet,  
Whether the false or true;  
Closed round by many a tempest sheet,  
Thy light still shining through.  
Our sleep is fashioned unto thee;  
Our longings and desires  
Rise with the morning radiantly,  
Beneath thy potent fires.

A desert place of years and tears,  
Monotonous this would be,  
If never came the glance that cheers,  
The hand that lifts from thee;  
And whether thou be true or false,  
Thou send'st the dream to be,  
And gladness rests on lowliest walls,  
And on the ships at sea.



## THE EXILE OF THE EVANGELICAL SALZBURGERS.

TRANSLATED FROM HAGENBACH'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

BY REV. B. H. NADAL, D. D.

## NUMBER I.

**E**VEN in the earlier times there had shone out, in the Archiepiscopal See of Salzburg, a gleam of the pure, evangelical doctrine. The teachings of Huss, as early as the fifteenth century, had penetrated that mountainous region, and with the Reformation of Luther they were not long unacquainted. Staupitz, the noble friend of Luther, ended his days here in the quiet of a monastery. And if this pious but timid man displayed in his own person but little zeal for the Reformation, still the Salzburgers had such men preaching through their country, and through the Tyrol generally, as Stephen Agricola, Paul Speratus, Wolfgang Russ, Urbanus Rhegius, George Schärer, and others. This was the reason why Luther's translation of the Bible, and other edifying books of the Protestants, especially the Augsburg Confession and Luther's Catechism, found their way into the valleys and cottages of this region. In earlier times, indeed, the Old Church attacked these novelties with zeal; the preachers of the Gospel were in some cases imprisoned, in others driven off, and one of them, George Schärer, in 1528, was beheaded. It was especially the archbishops who felt themselves called upon, by their duty to their religion, to keep out the heresy. They were not, however, all equally stringent, and hence it happened that under a mild government Protestantism advanced quietly, while under a severer one it was stirred to still mightier resistance. The same means used in the south of France to convert the Huguenots were employed with the Lutheran Salzburgers. The Capuchins were first sent as preachers of repentance; then followed upon their heels the dragoons, with the sword.

Emigration of individual families began as early as the first part of the seventeenth century; the number that left was six hundred; the most of the remainder were forcibly driven back to their homes, and at the same time forced into the bosom of the Romish Church.

Somewhat later, however, the Archbishop Maximilian Gandolf issued an edict driving out of the country, in midwinter, all Protestants refusing to be converted, and requiring fathers and mothers to leave behind them all children under fourteen years of age, that they

might be brought up in the Romish religion. These exiles met a kind reception in Suabia, in central Germany, especially in the free cities of Nuremberg and Frankfort.

The light penetrated even into the depths of the Tyrolese mines—the same light with which the son of the Saxon miner had illumined the darkness of the Church, and the darkness of men's hearts. The gay labor-songs of former times now gave place to the earnest hymns of Luther. Their fraternities became so many homes of evangelical freedom, and the peculiar jurisdiction of the mining region protected the new believers from priestly inquisition. The German Bible and Luther's writings first found their way into these mine-pits, and from thence they passed into the hands of the nobility and the people. To secure these holy books their owners hid them in cellar-vaults and in secret closets in the walls. Thus it has happened in recent times that, in breaking through a wall in the castle of Anger, near Klausen, all sorts of Lutheran books, of the time of the Archduke Ferdinand, were discovered.

About the year 1685 the miners in the vicinity of Hallein, under the leadership of the enlightened Joseph Schaitberger, made open profession of their evangelical faith. The bonds and imprisonment which came upon them in consequence they utterly despised, and treated with contempt the mendicant monks who were sent to their prisons to convert them. More than a thousand of them preferred banishment to the denial of their faith; they left their country, and many of them found homes in Suabia and Franconia. Schaitberger gained his bread by wood-chopping and by drawing wire. This same Schaitberger and his Confession of Faith were held in high esteem by the adherents of Protestant doctrine who still remained in the country. He was their patriarch, as it were, and his "Song of Exile," which we will give further on, formed, together with his "Evangelical Epistle," of 1688, the chief means of edification and support for believing hearts in a time of great trial. Three times he returned from his exile and strengthened his brethren.

These people, under the mild rule of the Archbishops John Ernst and Franz Anton, enjoyed a long repose; but it was far otherwise under the government of Leopold Anton, Baron of Firmian, who ascended the Archiepiscopal throne of Salzburg on the 3d of October, 1727. Leopold Anton was not without learning, and a certain natural goodness of heart; but his avarice, which was hampered by his propensity for drink and for pleasure, especially for the chase, had gradually hardened his heart; drink

had clouded his mind, the chase had made him reckless. In the heat of a drunken fit, on one occasion, he swore he would drive the heretics out of the land, even if their fields overgrew with thorns and thistles. He kept his oath right loyally. He and his chancellor, Hieronymus Christian Von Räll, used all their power to make the stay of the Protestants in the land miserable, and pushed them to the last degree. First they used mild means, and to aid them the Jesuits were called in. It was to be their occupation to bring back the wanderers to the right path, to represent Catholicism to them in the most beautiful forms, and to try every theatrical art to attract them back. Imperceptibly, however, cunning passed over into violence. Bibles and other instructive books were taken from them, and in their place were put by force the rosary and the scapular. Whoever was disinclined to receive this change kindly was treated as a rebel. Hans Lerchener, of Obermaïs, in the jurisdiction of Radstadt, and Veit Breme, of Unterschwabach, in the jurisdiction of Werfen, were put in irons because they would neither deliver up their Bibles nor abjure their faith. They were driven over the border, leaving behind them nine children to weep. The exiles went to Regensburg, and in January, 1730, applied to the authorities—to the Corpus Evangelicorum—which had been intrusted with the evangelical Church interests of Germany. These authorities, addressed, in the first place, a letter to Baron Von Zillerberg, the plenipotentiary of the Archbishop at the Diet; their request was refused, and even the Archbishop himself, to whom the authorities now addressed themselves, showed but little inclination to change his line of conduct—indeed, he became worse and worse. A number of people, found in the possession of Bibles and Lutheran books, were punished by fine and imprisonment, and driven out of the country. Once more the cry of distress reached the ears of the authorities at Regensburg; but the dilatory motion of business there was not calculated to bring speedy relief.

The very continuance of oppression, by and by, brought help of itself. After insult had been carried to the highest possible pitch by the house-searchings, which the court Chancellor Räll, at the head of a commission, and under pretense of peaceful objects, had set on foot, and by the quartering of soldiers among the people, which soon followed, the Protestants felt more than ever the necessity of a close and firm bond, a fraternization for life and death. And on the 5th day of August, 1731, the Sunday before St. Lawrence day, in the early morning twilight, more than a hundred

men, from every mountain steep, took their way over the rocky paths and down to Schwartzach, a market-village in the jurisdiction Goldecker, and in the inn of that place seated themselves around a table on which was placed a salt-cellar. Each man, with earnest prayer, dipped the wetted fingers of his right hand into the salt, and lifted them toward heaven for a holy oath. To the true, triune God they swore never to desert the evangelical faith, and then swallowed the salt as if it had been a sacrament. And since it is recorded in the second book of Chronicles, 13th chapter and 5th verse, that Jehovah made with David and his seed a covenant of salt, that is, a covenant of friendship never to be broken, they called their sacred compact, from that time, the covenant of salt.

When the news of this covenant came to the ears of the Archbishop, he felt as the Landvogten in Switzerland did when they heard of the Grüttelebande. Before his soul moved pictures of insurrection and of dismay. It was bruited through the country that the Protestants had formed a conspiracy at Schwartzach for the murder of all the Catholics. Self-defense became, of course, an immediate necessity, and toward this defense every thing was now directed. The Archbishop had already appealed to the Emperor Charles VI at Vienna, whither the Protestants had sent a fruitless deputation. The Emperor aided the Archbishop with troops. On the 22d of September over a thousand Austrian foot soldiers appeared in Salzburg, and three regiments of cavalry soon followed. In quartering the troops, over six thousand in all, the burden fell mainly on the Protestants. The scenes of the *dragonades*, as they had lately occurred in the south of France, were repeated. Meantime, among the very dragoons of Prince Eugene Protestants were found, who, instead of oppressing their brother evangelicals, were only too happy to seek edification with them in private, and to share with them the bread of life.

As soon, however, as this was discovered such dragoons were replaced by others. About Michaelmas many persons who were regarded as the leaders of the party were taken out their beds in the night, and dragged in chains to Salzburg, where horrible prisons awaited them.

Such proceedings awakened among those who were still free a more and more earnest longing to depart from a country which by continued oppressions had been converted into a very perdition. They began to consider how they might reach a foreign country. All the

passes were guarded, emigration was a crime which was sure to increase the punishment which in any event awaited them. Finally they succeeded in getting round the posts on the borders, and making their way to the places from whence they hoped for help.

Two bold and resolute men, Peter Heldensteiner and Nicholas Forstreuter, started for Kassel, where the Swedish king, hereditary prince of Hesse-Kassel, was then sojourning. This prince received the men kindly, though not without selfish motives. He had heard a great deal of the skill and capacity of the Tyrolese and the Salzburgers, and hoped to employ the one in the iron mines of Sweden, and to use the skilled hands of the other in carving and in the manufacture of toys, and thus increase the activity of trade in Hesse. But when he found that but few of them knew how to work in iron, and that the toys, which he supposed to be the work of the Salzburgers, were made by the people of the Berchtesgaden, the business man's zeal cooled, and he gladly resigned the honor of receiving these persecuted men to another—that other was soon found.

#### LIFE'S MOSAICS.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

I stood in an old cathedral,  
Where the light fell mellow and dim,  
And like anthem of unseen angels,  
Sounded the vesper hymn.  
A strangely-fashioned mosaic  
Was the polished marble floor,  
But I could not discern its beauty,  
As I stood by the entrance door.  
I passed beneath the fretted cornice,  
And adown the echoing aisle—  
The organ's mysterious music  
Swell'd in my ear the while;  
The ghastly gleam of the tapers  
That stood by the chancel rail,  
Flared and dimmed in the twilight  
On the carved saints still and pale.  
Some looked down with a blessing,  
As the light on their faces shone,  
And some with such sad reproaching,  
When its glimmering ray had flown.  
As I passed with reverent footsteps  
The chancel arch beneath,  
The anthem moaned and faintest  
Like winds on a barren heath;  
Dimmed and moaned as I bowed my head  
At the altar's holy rail,  
And the light of the tapers softened  
On the faces calm and pale.  
As I rose and turned the tapers blazed

With a glory of golden light,  
Till gleamed the gilded tracery  
On the ceiling's furthest height.  
Burst forth the organ's music,  
Triumphant, full, and clear,  
And waves on waves of melody  
Surged on my upward ear.  
And the strangely-fashioned mosaic  
Of the polished marble floor,  
Was changed to a wondrous story  
That I seem'd to have read before.  
Here was a little cradle,  
And a sunny head within;  
O, the smile on the face was wondrous  
As my angel Clare's had been,  
And the words, sun-traced, beneath it,  
"The gentle maiden's feet  
Would have weary grown on the earth-path—  
She was for heaven meet."  
There was a withered rose-bud,  
With a violet or two;  
And they said to my heart, so gently,  
"It was not best for you."  
Next—and it stirr'd my soul—  
A curl of golden hair,  
Tied with a ribbon blue,  
Such as *she* used to wear.  
And I read from the mystic book,  
"Pass'd from death unto life—  
To the sunny haven of rest,  
From this land of care and strife."  
There was a falling form,  
Upheld by an angel arm;  
And again was a shield upborne,  
Protecting it from harm.  
So I saw that the strange mosaic  
Of that old cathedral floor  
Was the mystic story of life  
I had never half read before,

#### OUR LITTLE ONES IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

A TEAR the one to know,  
But for the other love;  
Two little graves below,  
Two happy souls above!  
Together now they share  
The same sweet, sunny home;  
And jewel'd crowns they wear,  
And 'mid bright flowers roam.  
Happy forever they,  
With millions of the blest;  
Theirs ever high-noon day,  
And everlasting rest!  
To the blest land of life  
May grace conduct our feet;  
And there, beyond earth's strife,  
May we our darlings meet!

## AUNT HELEN'S TOUR.

BY MRS. W. C. GARDNER.

## NUMBER III.

PONTOTOC, FEB. 14.

MY DEAR ADA,—I have just returned to the city after nearly a week's absence. Visiting, to make the best of it, is but an idle, aimless way of spending time. I had become both weary and bewildered with the constant whirl and bustle of society, and I was glad to escape from its claims upon me by accepting the kind invitation of a dear friend to spend a few days with her in her pleasant but quiet home in Wakulla.

I can imagine your look as you read the last paragraph. It says: "Now, at least, in that quiet country town, Aunt Helen will admit us to some of the privileges she enjoys, and give us some idea of the social life and current gossip of the neighborhood, and also a glimpse into the interior of her pleasant retreat."

You are mistaken. Not a person or thing in Wakulla is to be put on exhibition; not even the flat country, which is on a dead level with the river; not even the unlighted stairway leading up to the church orchestra, which struck me as being unsafe. But I will tell you, if you like, about my journey thither and hither. You know already that when traveling alone I always contrive to blunder out of the right way; and as the way to Wakulla has as many changes as most human lives, it required all my skill in navigation to bring up right at last.

In the first place I quarreled with the hackman. I told him I wished to be driven to the Pontotoc depot, and he insisted that I wanted to go to Fog Point. I eyed him rather suspiciously, for I had no geographical knowledge of Fog Point, and no faith in its existence; and mustering all my dignity, I informed him that it was *my* business, not his, to determine my route.

He assented to this with a broad grin, and muttered something about throwing away money. However, he submitted, and took me to the depot, where, just as I expected, an omnibus waited to convey passengers to some indefinite place in the distance, the beginning of the railroad over which I was to journey. There was no waiting to do; and "tickets through" having been furnished by a friend, I had nothing to do but "travel."

It was a dismal, muddy road, and the omnibus was crowded. The sidelong motion made

me dizzy, and a snarling little dog in a woman's lap made me nervous and cross; so I was not sorry to arrive at the depot, which turned out to be the veritable place that my disobliging hackman had expressed such a *penchant* for. I soon found out that he knew more about the direct route to Wakulla than I did.

I was hurrying into the car, anxious to secure a seat, when some one behind gave my cloak an energetic pull which anchored me at once. I turned angrily round and confronted a middle-aged man, a stranger, who told me he wanted six cents.

A queer place to beg, I thought. Now, I was not too stingy to give him six cents, if he needed it; but my purse was at the bottom of my pocket, and over it and around it were innumerable little parcels and nondescripts, snugly packed away, and I was afraid the cars would not wait for me to unload them; so for once I shut my ears to the appeal of charity, and told the man he could not have the money. To my surprise he repeated his demand in a loud tone, which attracted the attention of the bystanders, who began to draw near us. Indignant at his rude persistence, and a little annoyed by the observation of others, I refused more resolutely; whereupon he angrily declared that he must and *would* have six cents.

I looked at him more attentively. He was well dressed, and had nothing of the pinched look of a Simon Pure beggar. What dire necessity could make so small a sum of such consequence!

"Six cents!" I repeated, mechanically.

"Yes, marm; and hurry up, will you?"

"Why should I give it you?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Why? To pay your fare in the 'bus, of course."

"O!"

I began to unpack my pocket—a box of Brown's Troches, a fine-tooth comb, a bottle of Inflammatory Extirpator, two handkerchiefs, a box of pomade, a pair of thick gloves, two *carte visites*, and a paper of gum-drops—last of all, the purse. My "through ticket" I carried in my glove for safe-keeping.

I had not quite replaced all these articles, though I had managed to ascend to the platform of the car, when I was pulled back a second time.

"What now?"

"Fifteen cents, mum."

"What for?"

"For bringing down your trunk."

"O!"

After this, for convenience' sake, I held my



purse in my hand. On entering the cars I was surprised to see that the occupants were seated with their backs to the engine. I never follow the lead of others unless I can see a reason for it, and there seemed to be no reason why I should journey left-handed if all the world did so; so I took up a proper position, and rejoiced in it, till, after traveling a short distance, some inexplicable sleight-of-hand, understood by the other passengers, transposed the whole concern, railroad and all, and set me to wiggling over the ground backward. I made up my mind at once to just back down to the terminus of the road at Manna, and then get into the return train for Wakulla, right side foremost. I suppose there is some advantage in these forward and backward movements, but I did not understand it. I could think of nothing but those great, jumping, double-ended, black house-spiders, who are got up without any front or rear.

Fortune befriended me at Wakulla; for another lady besides myself was due there, and I followed her closely. There were no carriages waiting for the accommodation of travelers. There was a cart with a board across it for a seat, and a bushel or so of clams in the bottom; but I saw no other conveyance. I was climbing into this, when a young lady came round the corner of the station-house, and politely informed me that I could find a carriage on the other side. I began to see clear sky at last.

The carriage in question was a roomy, comfortable-looking wagon, drawn by a fat, lazy-looking horse. The driver was a pleasant-looking old gentleman, and the whole turn-out had such an unpretending, comfortable air about it, that I began to query whether the railroad corporation had not got it up for the express purpose of inspiring forlorn strangers with the delicious, home-like feeling so seldom found in traveling. All the way from Pontotoc I had been sitting up as straight as a cob, on the alert for the possible dangers before me—or rather behind me—and it was truly no small relief to “fling care to the winds,” and sink cozily back on the wide wagon-seat. There were three lady-passengers besides myself, but we had plenty of room.

We had scarcely started when the driver attempted to quicken the horse's ideas by a touch of the whip. The animal, like other lazy horses, responded to the hint by a sudden bound, which nearly unhooked our heads from our bodies, and then the effect was over.

“Don't strike the horse!” entreated a pleasant-looking old lady on the back seat. I thought she was timid, like many other travel-

ers, and with some difficulty turned round to speak a word of encouragement.

“There is no cause for alarm,” I said, soothingly. “If this lazy old beast were whipped a fortnight he wouldn't even trot. You are perfectly safe, I assure you.” She did not reply, and I thought did not fully appreciate my kindly feeling. When I learned that she was the wife of the kind old gentleman, and joint-owner with him of the beast in question—that they did not *run* the team in connection with the railroad, but were giving me a free passage from downright goodness of heart, I doubted if I should ever try to administer comfort again.

My return to the city was managed without any mishap, except paying double price for a hack. If I have gained no other benefit from my little excursion, I have acquired a feeling of self-reliance, which, in its way, is as comfortable as self-conceit. I no longer depend on an escort. I am become an independent tourist, with the ability to look out for myself. Experience is the only thorough teacher, and I have experienced.

“I suppose you have been quite a traveler,” remarked a new acquaintance to me this morning.

“Yes,” I replied, “I have been to Wakulla.”

*Saturday morning.* I think I must indulge you with just a peep into my city home, that is, the place where my trunk is. It is a home in every sense, a home so abundant in genial, happy influences, that the most transient visitor takes away a share of its pleasant associations—a home like a museum, full of curious and beautiful things, with rare pictures on the walls, and cabinets filled with sea-shells, corals, minerals, and all sorts of curious things; with such a variety of stuffed birds that you might suppose yourself in the aviary of a professed ornithologist; with such a collection of both native and foreign insects, all neatly killed and classified, that you are sure that the master of the house is an enthusiastic entomologist.

I don't think I like bugs. I never saw so many together but once before, and that was in a hotel in Boston. To be sure, those were all of one kind; but they had the advantage over these of being so actively alive as to compel a personal interest in them. I examined some of them minutely; but the more I saw of their anatomy the less I liked them. And as I glance over my friend's cabinet, the utmost stretch of my enthusiasm is a happy trust in the long pins which keep the bugs in their places.

There is a fine library of books, and a sweet-

toned piano in the family sitting-room. In the dining-room there are singing-birds, and flowers, and a tasteful aquarium. And to all these attractions of my city home, I may add what is better to me than all, the gentle courtesy and thoughtful kindness of its habitual occupants. Ah, *ma cher* Addie, do you marvel that I am ready, on the slightest pretext, to slip into the place kept for me by the pleasant fireside?

While I have been writing, little Willie, my friend's baby-son of three Summers, has been sitting on the carpet among his playthings, very profoundly meditating upon some subject of interest. As I lay down my pen he comes to my side, and I find that it is a theological question which he has been considering.

"God don't ever think," he tells me; "because he hasn't any thing to think with—no eyes, no ears, no arms, no feet, no any thing. He's a spirit. What is a spirit made of?"

I can not answer the childish inquiry, so I take him on my knee and improvise a story to change the current of his thoughts. He is a beautiful child, but he should play more and think less.

Thank you for sending the mosses and flowers; they were as lovely and fragrant as when they left you, and especially charming to me, because they expressed the affectionate remembrance in which I am held at home. Adieu.

AUNT HELEN.

### WHERE WOULD YOU DIE?

BY MRS. M. S. VERTICAN.

WHERE would you die? In Italia's fair clime?  
Where sweet music steals with a pensive chime?  
Where the golden beams of a cloudless sun  
Sink to rest in the waters, when day is done,  
And the moon's pure rays shed a flood of light  
Over ruins old, till decay and blight  
Are clothed in beauty, and bud, and bloom,  
Like a garland placed on a half-hid tomb?  
Not there! O, not there! would my spirit meet Death;  
Though the perfume rare of each fragrant breath,  
That sweeps o'er the brow, sends a raptured thrill  
Through the heart, like the gush of a murmuring rill;  
And the crimson glow where the sunlight dies,  
Fades, quiet and slow, in the Western skies;  
Where sculpture, and music, and beauty, and love,  
The earth *below*, and the heavens *above*,  
And the sweet, charmed air, like a censor's breath,  
Seems to steal away half the pain of death—  
O, no! O, no! let me *not* die *there*,  
Is the wish of my heart and my fervent prayer.

Where would you die? O'er the sea's tossing foam,  
Where the orisons grand of the billows may come,

And the flecks of foam like bright diamonds shine?  
Where the silver-fish sport, and the sea-weeds twine,  
And the stars send down golden gleamings bright,  
And each wave leaps up with a glad delight?  
Where the white-winged ships the wild tempests brave,  
And the sea-bird dips his bold wing in the wave?  
Not there! O, not there 'neath the bounding sea  
Do I long to rest, when from earth set free,  
Where no eye may mark the spot where I sleep,  
And no loved ones come o'er my grave to weep!  
I should sleep as sweetly and safely, I know,  
On the white sandy bed where the corals grow,  
And the sea makes moan in her heavings wild,  
Like the plaintive wail of an orphan child;  
Yet lay me *not there*, for my spirit is wed  
With undying links to a green turf bed;  
O, no! O, no! let me *not* die *there*,  
Is the wish of my heart and my fervent prayer.

O, let me not die on a lone, foreign shore,  
With but strangers to cheer me when life giveth o'er;  
Far away from the love that my spirit hath blest,  
And the heart that hath pillowed my head to its rest;  
Neither let me die o'er the sea's tossing foam,  
Where no word I may send to my own wild-wood home;  
Where no tone of affection the dying ears greet,  
Or the bright, pearly tear-drop, so mournfully sweet,  
Might not soothe my last moments, or a parting gleam shed,  
Like a halo of light, round my dying bed.

Where, where wouldst thou die? In my own cottage home,  
Where on each soft zephyr rich perfumes will come,  
And friends round my bed may quietly weep,  
While they close my eyes to their dreamless sleep;  
Where they'll plant a sad willow to droop o'er my bed,  
To tell of hopes withered and pleasure-dreams fled.  
Lay me down 'mid the flowers, where bright waters play,  
And the robin will sing at the dawning of day;  
Yes! yes! when I die, O let it be *there*,  
Is the wish of my heart and my fervent prayer.

That cottage may be—it matters not where,  
So they lay me at last by "my darling ones" fair.  
On the green-crowned hill 'neath the locust's shade,  
By their little graves let my grave be made.  
The locust which speaks to the heart "of love  
Beyond the grave," in our home above,  
Sends its shivering sound, and sheds perfume  
From the clusters rare of its snow-white bloom.  
All the day I think of that sacred spot,  
And the shrouded forms by others forgot;  
But a mother's heart can forget—O, never!  
She loves her child, and she loves forever;  
The pleading look in its anguish turned  
On her tear-stained face, thro' her soul hath burned  
Too deep for aught else save Death to efface,  
And her heart is her babe's lone burial-place;  
'Tis a sacred shrine, and a pleasure rare  
That shrine to tend with a precious care;  
Let my heart, with its altar, be softly laid  
By the forms it bears, 'neath the locust's shade—  
On the green-crowned hill 'neath the locust's shade.

## THE RELIGION OF CHILDHOOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THE RELIGION OF CHILDHOOD; or, Children in their Relation to Native Depravity, to the Atonement, to the Family, and to the Church," by Rev. F. G. Hibbard, D. D., still lies on our table. As the work was issued about the time of the retiring of our excellent predecessor, he merely gave it a passing notice, declaring it worthy of a more extended study and more careful criticism. It would be very imperfect justice to the labors of the able author of this work to pass it by with an ordinary editorial notice; besides, it is a work that treats largely of childhood and the family, and thus comes within the sphere of our Christian family magazine. The importance of the work, too, treating as it does of the vital questions of our human nature, and of the relation of that nature to the redeeming work of Christ, demands that we give it a careful notice.

The object of the work is twofold—"to ascertain the Scriptural doctrine respecting the moral condition of our race prior to responsibility, and irrespective of Christian sacraments—and to encourage the early consecration of children to God, and their faithful Christian nurture." The practical end, namely, that of bringing Christian parents and the Church more sensibly to realize the duties and obligations that spring from the moral and ecclesiastical relations of their children, and more faithfully to meet and discharge them, is the ultimate end sought. But the author very properly discovers that in order to this the foundations of Christian doctrine must be laid in unquestioned certainty. The doctrines here discussed are not merely of speculative importance; they are the foundation of the practical superstructure, and it must stand or fall with them.

The author well observes, page 30: "The views which a man entertains concerning our race, that is, our common nature, prior to all responsible action, will determine his views of the character and office of Christ, and the whole import of the Gospel scheme of grace and instrumentalities. Then, again, the views one entertains of the moral condition of childhood will, more than any thing else, tend to shape his whole practical system of training and culture of the child. . . . In this, as in all enterprises intrusted to human judgment and accountability, men must have a settled doctrinal basis to rest upon, and be well assured that their efforts are in the direction of the

Divine order and purpose, and the subject of Divine promise and reward, in order that their work may be wrought in the heartiness and perseverance of faith. It is faith that parents need—strong, living, patient, intelligent faith in the Word and promise of God, in order to fulfill their duty to their children throughout the successive years and the ever-varying scenes, and wants, and caprices of junior life."

We accept our author's statement of the importance of accuracy of doctrine here, and will endeavor to discover the doctrine of this book. In the preface he states: "The ground taken in this work is, that all children are in a state of favor with God through the grace of atonement, and that this gracious state is not a simple acquittal from the penalty due to original sin, but also a moral effect wrought in them, the imputation of a positive 'gift,' a principle of life, a meetness for heaven, or quickening of their nature."

It has been charged against this work that it teaches the doctrine of *infant regeneration*; the author anticipates this charge, does not repel it, and yet does not seem entirely willing to accept it. He labors under a difficulty incident to the subject itself—that of accurate definition and statement in a region that lies so far down in the sphere of psychology. We feel, therefore, that the author is entitled to the consideration of all the qualifications and limitations he feels called upon to put forth. "A dispute about words," he says, "I decline. If the word *regeneration* is to be used at all in reference to the moral state of infants, it is to be used only in that qualified sense I have given it in the book. . . . The only point we propose as being fairly settled by Scripture authority is, that as the child has a sinful nature, some change must be wrought upon it to make it fit for the kingdom of God if it dies, or to prepare it for right, responsible action if it lives; and that that change is of the nature of *life*, a *quicken*ing of our nature, not merely an acquittal from the penalty, a change of legal relation."

The doctrine of the author, as thus stated, might be, and, indeed, has been accepted by the Church. But to reach the real doctrine of the book, we must add another statement to the above—that this "change," this "principle of life," this quickening is universal with infants, and coetaneous with the birth of our nature. Hence, he says, p. 109: "The date of redemptive power and grace to each individual of our race is coincident with the date of existence." And on the same page quotes approvingly the following sentiments of Mrs. Isabella

Graham, who wrote to her daughter, consolatorily, on the loss of her child, who had died in birth: "The Lord is your God, and the God of your seed. John the Baptist leaped in the womb when the salutation of Mary sounded in his mother's ears; he was then a living soul, and an heir of salvation at that moment. If your babe was conceived in sin by the first covenant, he is an heir of grace by the second. He is of the travail of the Redeemer's soul; children are God's heritage, the fruit of the womb his reward." And on page 110 he remarks: "The grace of atonement has the efficacy to secure instant acquittal to each child from all condemnation which fell upon our race through the first transgression, present acceptance with God, meetness for the kingdom of heaven, the inception of a life of saving grace, and provision for all prospective demands of probation." On page 184 we have the following: "The phrase '*new creature*,' also, is of the same moral signification as the word *regenerate*; and how aptly does it include children! '*If any one—el ta—be in Christ, he is a 'new creature.*' 2 Cor. v, 17. Here, to be '*in Christ*,' and to be a '*new creature*,' or a '*new creation*,' are one and the same thing. The two modes of description are perfectly synonymous. Are children '*in Christ*?' The point is settled—then they are '*new creatures*.' Why dispute about words?"

Yet our author holds firmly to the doctrine of human depravity, and devotes a whole chapter, and a very able one too, to its proof and illustration. He accepts it, in its broadest statements, by Augustine, Calvin, and Edwards, differing from them, of course, in certain corollaries arising from the doctrine, and on the principle by which the atonement is applied as a remedy according to the Divine plan of grace. In the application of the doctrine of depravity in its bearing upon the culture of children, he remarks: "If our system of juvenile culture makes no account of human depravity, or the wrong condition of our nature, we shall be constantly baffled and disappointed in results. We must know the malignity of sin, and the power and office of grace, and the child's relation to each, before we can be prepared to discipline and educate its powers according to both constitutional capability and gracious design." (Page 71.)

On a superficial view there might, at first sight, seem to be a contradiction between the doctrine of depravity so strongly stated by the author, and his views of the actual gracious moral state in which our nature is born under the dispensation of grace. On page 155 he

thus reconciles the two conditions: "Children come into the world with the imprint of the fall upon their physical and moral nature, but not legally liable for the failure of the Adamic dispensation. They are *not born* righteous and pure, that is, righteousness is not by virtue of natural generation, nor is purity the effect of natural innocence. Their nature is alienated from the life of God, and inclined only to evil. But aside from nature, and above nature, and counteractive of nature, grace comes to them through the sovereign act of the 'one man, Christ Jesus.' This grace changes their legal and moral condition, so as to render them fit for and entitled to eternal life, but does not remove their natural depravity. It annuls the sentence of the law, justifies, implants a principle of spiritual life, brings them under a gracious economy of salvation suited to sinful beings, and puts them upon a new probation; but, as in the regenerated adult, it leaves them with a fallen nature, which, of itself, would lead them away from God, and against which a life-long conflict must be waged."

Our author has no tendencies toward the doctrine of baptismal regeneration; on the contrary, he argues strongly and conclusively against it, while at the same time giving an important and significant place to infant baptism in the ritual order of the Church.

On page 177 he writes: "We do not say that regeneration may not take place at baptism; but we say the two are not dependent upon each other as to time: they are not thus conjoined by any Divine order and appointment. We do not deny that the sacraments are means of grace; but we do deny that they are, by the order and purpose of God, the authorized channels of regenerating grace, or that they do, by any virtue in them, or by any *opus operatum*, or by any Divine ordination, mark the origin and initiate the work of saving grace in the heart." We think, then, we may sum up the author's doctrine in his own words, page 188: "1. That children are in a state of salvation through the atonement. 2. That the effect of redeeming love to them is direct, and not dependent on any outward ordinance. 3. That it is not merely legal and nominal, but, being expressed in such words as *justification, justification of life, righteousness, illumination, membership in the kingdom of heaven*, there must also be a moral effect wrought upon them. The extent, manner, and nature of this moral effect we are not called upon to assert, are not able to explain, can not explain it even in adults; but we hold that it has the efficacy to restore children to the favor and kingdom of God."



From the close and labored argument which the author feels called upon to use in the doctrinal part of his work, he evidently feels that he is under the necessity either of reviving and pressing upon the Church some forgotten or neglected doctrine, or that he is presenting a novel view of doctrines on these important questions, or is passing somewhat beyond the point which the Church has yet reached. The very extensive and learned argumentation tends to awaken suspicion. We think the last of the above statements is the explanation of this feature of the book. The author evidently feels that he is a little beyond the common sentiment of the Church. We hesitate to go quite so far as he has gone. He moves undoubtedly in the right direction. The theology of the Church, and especially theology developing itself from the Arminian stand-point, has been rapidly moving in the same direction. Perhaps the time may come when our Church will be able to accept fully the author's doctrines; but at present we feel satisfied some of his statements on the moral condition of infants will be found too strong for our preachers and people, and they will still hesitate to accept the doctrine of the regeneration of our nature at its inception or birth. We are not sure that the author himself does; we give him the benefit of all his qualifications, and also the benefit of the difficulty of definition when we reach these borders of psychology. He has profoundly and religiously studied these subjects, and brings to his work one of the ablest minds of the Church. The more we study the work itself, and the more we have studied, independently of this work, the subjects treated of here, the more we find our views tending in the same direction.

The second part of the work, which is the practical part, all can accept—we wish we could say all will adopt and practice. It consists of three chapters; the first and most lengthy one, which is the fifth chapter of the book, is on "The Relation of Childhood to the Family and Church." We thank the author for this chapter. It contains some of the most ennobling views of the family, in the high character and destiny which God has assigned to it, we have ever met with. Some of its passages are truly beautiful and eloquent. On the whole, we welcome the appearance of this able book. We rejoice in the manifest turning of the attention of the Church to the "lambs of the flock;" and this, too, not only in our branch of Zion, but in the sister Churches as well.

Although the doctrines of the book may go

a little too far, we are confident the Church hitherto has not gone far enough, even in the practical application of her own doctrines, and it is only by the issuing of such works, and their careful and critical study, that the Church will be able to reach the true ground, and at length to know what indeed the Lord means when he says of these little ones, "they are mine," and "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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### THE UNCLAIMED PICTURE.

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BY WAIF WOODLAND.

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IT was all over at last, and the poor, weary soldier slept. For fifteen days and nights he had moaned and struggled piteously with typhoid fever. He was a man of medium proportions, with an open, intellectual face, apparently about thirty years of age, and his name entered on the hospital register, John Bryant—that was all they knew of him. Being very sick when he was brought in, delirium soon ensued, and the few fragmentary sentences he had uttered were rambling and incoherent.

But he slept now, and the sunken eyes and chill, wan face told all too plainly that it was a sleep which the morning reveille would fail to waken.

Amy Foster, the dear, kind nurse, who seemed more like a blessed angel to scores of stricken, suffering men, than the worn and weary woman she was, had bathed his face, and smoothed the scanty covering of his little bed just as the day dawned, and he called her "darling Mary." Then murmuring something of "precious children, daily prayers, and a weary, weary journey," with a tired gesture he sunk into a hopeful sleep. Believing this a favorable indication, Amy stood a few minutes to watch his faint, quick breathing, then moved away noiselessly to other scenes of suffering and duty.

Two hours later, when the surgeon came on his morning round, John Bryant lay very still and white, with his thin hands clasped over his breast, and his ashen lips wearing a smile, which had been caught and frozen there by the angel of death. Just when he died, or how, no one could tell. It was evident, however, that his last moments were peaceful, even pleasant. But whether the thoughts, which had left their impression on his countenance, had been of the little cottage nestling behind flowering vines, and green shrubbery, among the hills of his native town, or of the spacious mansions in that beautiful country, where there is neither

war nor pestilence; whether they had been of the dear, familiar faces, and soft, loving tones of earthly friends, or the rustling of angels' wings, and the songs of the redeemed, there was no proof.

When the surgeon made his next morning circuit, John Bryant was sleeping in a soldier's grave, and another wistful face looked up from his humble pallet. A little time passed, a few useless inquiries were made, then, as no one came to bewail John Bryant's death, or claim his effects, according to hospital rules, the heavy, soiled clothing, which had been exchanged for a cool, clean bed-gown, prepared by patriotic ladies—God bless them!—was brought out and exposed for sale.

Hoping to gain some knowledge of his friends, or place of residence, the pockets were carefully searched, but found to contain nothing, save on the inside of the jacket, under a strong and closely-fitted patch, evidently stitched on by his own fingers—where the strong, brave heart with its full tide of life and love could beat against it, lay a picture. They drew it forth, and, alas! another fragment of that thrilling history which rebellious cupidity has written in blood, and sent, like poisonous Upas leaves, to blast and desolate our whole land, was there sadly illustrated—a blighted, broken household, a widowed wife, and fatherless children. You could almost see the quiver on the young wife's lip, and the tears gathering in her soft hazel eyes, as alternate hopes and fears for the absent loved one heaved her bosom with contending emotions.

Sitting on her lap, with one dimpled hand uplifted to clasp a long, brown curl which had strayed over her shoulder, was the baby, a fair, wee thing, on which papa's eyes had never rested, save as he paced to and fro on picket, or lay wrapped in his army-blanket, when the night was made glorious by thrilling visions. And there, too, nestling on either side, were the "precious children," the little boy and girl, who flitted through John Bryant's dying thoughts, linked with the tender memories of prayer. O, the long, lone journey, of which he seemed to catch a moment's revelation, for the poor, weary, waiting wife!

Years, it may be, will come and go, leaving their lines and shadows on that girlish face, and yet no tidings of the loved one ever come to dispel the heavy gloom of suspense, or soothe the yearning, gnawing pain within her heart. The lustrous eyes must grow dim and weary with weeping, but still their fruitless watch will go on, and on, till the soul grows sick and faint with waiting, and the heavy eyelids close

down in their long and dreamless slumber. O, woman! woman! when the record of those who have striven and suffered for Freedom shall be written out by the "recording angel," think not that the precious, priceless sacrifices which you have offered will be forgotten!

### RAINY DAYS.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

THESE rainy days, these rainy days,  
Though sad they seem, and dreary,  
Yet of the patter of the rain  
I never, never weary.

The tinkling of the silver drops,  
The wind's low, solemn murmur,  
Is music sweeter far to me  
Than song-birds in the Summer.

How sweet, how pleasant 'tis to sit  
Beneath some roof that's sloping,  
And listen to the sad-voiced rain,  
That never ceases dropping!

There, cuddled in the window-seat,  
With dripping woods before me,  
To hum some old, familiar song,  
Or read some rhyme or story!

How bright my thoughts and fancies glow!  
Nor May, with scents and flowers,  
Could bring me half the joy I feel,  
As these dark, dreary hours.

Or, nestled in a cushioned chair,  
In sweet and blissful dreaming,  
To view old scenes before me pass,  
Old friends with faces beaming;  
And see them smile, and live again,  
O'er days once spent together;  
O, blest, befitting time for dreams,  
This sad and rainy weather!

Or, get my box of letters out,  
Those letters, worn and olden;  
The same which breathe the rich perfume  
Of Summers dead and golden;

And while the rain is pattering down,  
With tears to read them over,  
And think I'm wandering once again  
Through fields of scented clover;

And o'er the hill, or in the lane,  
Or by the rolling river,  
With those who penned these lines, now gone,  
Forever and forever.

The hopes and joys we cherished then,  
With them in graves are sleeping;  
Alas, that Spring should wreath with smiles,  
And Autumn find us weeping!

And for the thoughts, the dreams they bring,  
Though solemn, sweet, and tender,  
My soul looks up beyond the clouds,  
Where sunshine reigns in splendor.

## FRONTIER SKETCHES.

BY REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

## THE BORDER TOWN.

I KNOW of nothing more calculated to disgust a man with this world than a town on the Indian frontier. Every variety and shade of characters resort thither from all parts of the country, with almost every imaginable purpose in view, and a goodly number without any purpose at all. The population is a singular medley of the genus homo, from that "noblest work of God," an honest man, down to the most graceless vagabond, and the most detestable fiend dishonoring human flesh. The same extremes of character may exist in our large towns and cities; but a decent respect for the virtuous and a wholesome dread of punishment lead to a cautious concealment of the more heinous vices from the public gaze. Not so in a border town. The facilities for concealing deeds of darkness and for screening the vile do not exist there. There are no unfrequented passages through which the unsuspecting are decoyed into haunts of iniquity; no concealed dens of vice, where the deluded victim is sacrificed upon the altar of moral death; no polished sirens to beguile the unwary with artful enchantment, and entice them to ruin by the blandishments and caresses of fashionable deceit; nothing of all this. Capital and economy have had no time to rear edifices of brick and mortar, within whose walls a world of iniquity may exist without coming to the notice of the public eye—whose fair and fashionable exterior conceals sepulchral corruption within their secret chambers. All lies open to the generous light of day, and vice is bald and bare to inspection, with no vail to cover its hideous deformity. The susceptible sensibility of modest virtue will at first be greatly shocked at the scenes of vileness; but, alas for the flexibility of human nature, familiarity with these scenes will dissipate the sense of their heinousness—yea, more. Many can attest the truthfulness of Pope's sentiment, thus strongly expressed:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

By the operation of this sad law of man's fallen nature, the heterogeneous population of the frontier town gradually assimilates, and on the easy descending scale each character glides unresisted to a common level. If one should chance to make his advent there whose virtue

is too real, and whose principles are too rigidly stern to yield, he must be disposed of in some way; such antagonisms must not disturb the harmony of the place, and some method is adopted, peaceable or otherwise, to rid community of so troublesome a member. A "vigilance committee" warns him to be absent by a given time; or he is spirited away by night, he knows not by whom; or he is dragged from his bed and ducked in the river, he knows not why; or he is stripped, tarred and feathered, and rode out of town on a rail to the music of the Rogue's March. The design is to rid the place of a dangerous intruder, and the manner in which this end is accomplished depends on the character of the person, and on the temper of those who represent the community. Why should the peace of Herod be disturbed by the rebukes of John the Baptist? In this manner the population of the border town is kept homogeneous, at least in one respect.

The several professions and industrial pursuits of civilized life are represented in the frontier town. The shrewd tradesman is there, who, after experimenting for a time in traffic with the Indians at profits of a hundred per centum, reports himself as "doing very well." How well he does for the deluded Indians is another question; but he compensates for any distortion in that direction by selling goods to the "parson" at half-price, and by occasionally making him a handsome present besides. No class of men know how to be liberal to preachers so well as these border-town merchants; and these clerical gentlemen usually have the weakness to receive their favors with many thanks. The attorney has found his way there, who, by a sudden transition from obscure mediocrity in some older community, has reached a position of prominence at a single stride of territory. His supposed legal lore, and familiarity with Blackstone, Kent, and Story, place him at once at the head of the "vigilance committee," that popular institution of the frontier, and he is charged with all the political and legal affairs of community. He pleads in the court of that redoubtable personage, Judge Lynch, with the vigilance committee as the grand jury, and then superintends the execution of the penalties which the court awards, that the law may be sacredly carried out to the letter. This court is formidable to all virtue, and especially to religion. Woe to the minister who has censured the popular vices, or in whose hat an abolition pamphlet has been found, or who in any way disturbs the "patriarchal institution!" The lawyer is pious, always attends church, and, like the fabled

Argus, keeps a hundred eyes upon the preacher, that truth may be conserved, and the peace of society not be disturbed.

The disciple of Esculapius finds a lucrative "situation" in a place of such excesses and vices, and practices the healing art with a profusion of pills and powders, and roots and herbs, truly marvelous. Even the Yankee schoolmaster, from "away down East," gets that far "abroad." But as the school is no institution of a border town, he has turned his hand to "something else," which no one knows better how to do than a Yankee. What that something else is does not matter now; it is enough to know that a "down-easter" can turn his hand to almost any thing that pays. As it would not be reputable to the place for the people to disregard religion, a preacher is usually employed to preach occasionally on the Sabbath in the town, who resides somewhere in the vicinity. It is most becoming the sacredness of his character as a messenger of peace, that he should have his residence in some quiet nook out of town, where he may be free from the bustle and annoyance of trade, and be spared the unpleasant sights occasioned by the debauchery, drunkenness, and murders of the Indians who frequent the place. These excesses of pagan neighbors are unavoidable, and it is needless that the righteous soul of the pious parson should be vexed by the abominations of such heathen. The people all turn out to hear preaching, and pay the parson well for his services in shining coin from Uncle Sam's mint, which has come to hand by way of Indian annuities—the sole source of the wealth and prosperity of the town. After paying the preacher liberally, they send him out of town rejoicing, in blissful ignorance of their real character, and the dreadful vices which they practice. He praises them for their benevolence and pious turn, and they laugh at his simplicity, both parties being mutually pleased with one another.

In the towns and at the trading-posts of the Indian frontier in the South, all simulate the "Southern gentleman," that character being regarded as the standard of respectability. Nobody works but the slave; every body sleeps late in the morning, dines at a fashionable hour, has servants to wait on him, and apes aristocracy in every thing possible. The people dress well in the latest style, have a few articles of marble-capped mahogany furniture in a wretchedly-leaky log-cabin, whose crevices are stocked with chinchies and fleas, together with many similar evidences of "high life down stairs." Every gentleman carries arms, under-

stands the "code of honor," is susceptible to proprieties, high-minded, and chivalrous—indeed, their courtesies and politeness are far in advance of their culture, and out of all proportion with their intelligence, wealth, and virtue.

To give an account of one such border town is substantially to describe them all, so similar are they in general character. Immediately on the Indian territorial line is located one of these trading-places, which may serve as a representative of the rest. Situated on a stream of water, and bordered with open woodland and blooming prairie, it was by no means wanting in natural beauty and attractiveness. Never, however, did Nature smile on a more graceless people, nor dispense her bounties to more worthless recipients, with only a very few exceptions.

The head-quarters of the town was a large frame barn-like inn, presided over by a mass of unsolid humanity, about two hundred and fifty in the scale of *avoids*, kept moist by whisky. The outlines which marked the animal form of man had been almost obliterated. He was red-faced, bottle-nosed, and double-chinned, and had lost most of the hair from his head, which had gotten marvelously out of human shape. As he waddled about the bar-room he was followed by swarms of flies, who seem to have anticipated his demise, and were tormenting him before his time. A lank, long-limbed, half-clad negro boy was the landlord's chief of staff, and executed his master's orders under the dread of the lash, and with the gracefulness of a baboon. He served as steward, hostler, cook, shoe-black, barber, and chamber-maid, and acted as landlord when his master slept, which was most of the time.

This orderly public house was the head-quarters of several military officers, who were there to keep peace among the neighboring Indians. The dining-room and lodgings of the house were in charge of several ladies whom the army had drifted to the frontier. The most noted inmate of the hotel was a Cherokee sachem of immense physical proportions, aged, gouty, and almost helpless. He had been driven from his country by the party of a rival chieftain; and having plenty of money accruing from Government annuities, he could afford the luxury of living in style at a hotel, and was entitled to swear and pitch his boot at the waiter, while he soothed his sorrows in old age with brandy, of which he drank an incredibly large quantity.

Among the most prominent citizens of the place was "Uncle Jonathan," a genuine Yankee, Southernized, and beginning to be vener-



able with years. He was engaged in the "mercantile business"—a stilted phrase used to dignify the vocation of an Indian trader—and had acquired considerable wealth. In his New England home he had been a Congregationalist, and no doubt was a pious man; for in spite of his surroundings he still retained many virtues and some relics of a religious character. As his own denomination had no church there, he worshiped with the Methodists, the only church in the place. He had a large and interesting family; but having lived some years in the place, their rigid, Puritanic habits had suffered perceptible relaxation, and their religious principles had become quite flexible. The old gentleman was obliged to have hired help, which in that country could be had only in slaves. It would be better to own them than to hire them of their masters; for then he could have entire control of them, and could treat them religiously, as became a Christian master. Thus reasoned the shrewd Yankee; and from these humane and pious motives he became the owner of a number of bondmen and bondwomen; and the patriarchal institution having existed for some time in his family, he had "men-servants and maid-servants born in his house." Thus easy becomes even a Puritan's conscience when liberated from surrounding restraints, and prompted by the love of gain. As might have been expected, the old gentleman's sons fell victims to the prevailing vices of such associations, and, like the sons of Eli, they "made themselves vile." Better a thousand times that he had remained penniless in his New England home, with honest and virtuous associations for his growing family, rather than to have "pitched his tent toward Sodom" on the Indian frontier.

The commercial chieftain and millionaire of the town was a Captain —, who was a Western man by birth and education, and was trammelled by no Puritanic scruples of conscience. As is generally the case with men of his class, because it is most convenient on the frontier, he was a bachelor. In truth, however, he was a man addicted to fewer vices than many of his neighbors, though his business transactions were controlled by nothing like moral principles. He was the wholesale dealer of the place, regulated the details of trade, and gave the town character abroad in the commercial world.

Dr. — was also from one of the Western States, was a man of general ability, and possessed of a thorough medical education. It is a marvel that he should ever have been attracted to the Indian frontier. His active, en-

ergetic character gave him a commanding influence, and his skill in his profession admitted of no rival in the place. He, too, was without a family; and though his exterior and address were those of a gentleman, his moral character would not bear close inspection. Personally I was under the necessity of testing his medical skill, and feel under obligation to speak well of his ability.

Miss M. was a well-educated, refined, New England lady, who had come out to visit her uncle Jonathan, already referred to. She was religious, of gentle and engaging manners, and not unprepossessing in appearance, though I guessed her to be on the shady side of twenty. Circumstances brought me into her society considerably, and she frankly opened her mind to me on the affairs of morals and religion in the town, so different from what we both had been accustomed to in the older States. Her fine sensibilities had been greatly shocked at finding her uncle a slaveholder; she could not have believed such a change in him possible, had she not witnessed it herself. But, then, he was her uncle, and venerable with years, and it would not do to say any thing about it except to me, especially as those suspected of abolition proclivities would not be tolerated in the place. But one thing was settled on with her, namely, to return East by the first opportunity, and never return where slavery and its attendant evils existed. We had many confidential interviews on that and kindred subjects, fully entered into each other's views and sympathies, and pledged ourselves not to betray each other's antislavery views. We mutually deplored the state of morals and religion in the place; and as they were beyond our power to remedy, we agreed to have as little as possible to do with matters.

My work separated me from the place for something like a year, and I supposed Miss M. had long before returned to her Eastern home. One day I was walking the streets of the town again, when I was accosted by a merchant of a former acquaintance, who cordially invited me to his house, adding that there was a lady there who would be glad to see me. Mr. S. had been a bachelor when I knew him before, and rather superannuated even as a bachelor; but he had made money, which amply compensates a multitude of deficiencies. What was my surprise, when I entered his house, to find the former Miss M. snugly installed as his lawful wife, with a jet black slave-woman trudging at her heels, and numerous younger ones sporting about the premises! Our recognitions were ready but confusing to both of us, and though

her husband left us for a half hour to renew former acquaintance, neither of us had the courage to refer to the "peculiar institution," which had been the theme of our conversation at former times, and which we mutually hated. A feeling of sadness came over me as I inwardly asked myself, despondingly, "And is no one proof against the witchery of slavery?" I had reason to believe that Mrs. S. perceived my agitation, and she used every artifice to make me feel at home, sending out her servant that her presence might not annoy me; but all was in vain. The idea that a charming, pious young lady, of New England culture, grace, and education, should be in daily association with one of the biggest, roughest, and most uncouth daughters of Ham, was to me a revolting idea, and convinced me that the real "negro lovers" are not the abolitionists, but the slaveholders. And, then, the thought that one so worthy should be united in marriage with such a hard-featured old curmudgeon as was her husband, was shocking. A tender, delicate, Christian lady doomed to the fate of matrimonial alliance with a worn-out, dried-up, antiquated bachelor, simply because he had money and negroes, was a representation of connubial bliss which was new to me. My visit was short, and I made it my last, fully satisfied that even a Yankee girl is not always to be relied on in standing up to principle, when she takes a notion for matrimony.

To delineate the several characters which go to make up the motley population of a border town, would transcend the limits allotted to an article like this. Reference has been made to a few of the "higher class." The inferior classes who sell whisky by the drink on commission, who get drunk every day on the profits of their trade, and find themselves in the morning lying outside of their miserable shanties, robbed of the proceeds of the previous day's sales, are hardly worth a description. Two things are indispensable to every trading-house—whisky and an Indian interpreter. The traders charge the Indians nothing for the whisky they drink in the stores where they trade, and often fill their jugs besides; or, rather, they add the price of the whisky to the goods sold, the Indians being none the wiser for the imposition. When the red-skinned customers enter a store, they are not asked to buy at first, but are invited to sit down, drink and smoke at the merchant's expense—women as well as men drink freely. After they are thus regaled, and the effects of the liquor begin to appear, then trades are artfully introduced by the wily merchant. Chance if the

group leave the store with a single dime of their annuity or a skin of their peltry—all is exchanged before they are allowed to leave. For a distance of a mile around the town the Indians are scattered about under the trees, with their ponies, packs, whisky jugs, women, and children. They usually remain several days—an Indian is never in a hurry. These camping places are frequented by all sorts of the baser characters from the town, by day and by night; frequent broils occur, sometimes fights and murders. Occasionally some incautious libertine incurs the displeasure of the Indian women, who join together and administer to him a well-deserved flagellation with hickory withes, sometimes tying him with a rope. The men take no part in the affray, but look on with undisguised delight, it being considered by them the depth of infamy to be flogged by women.

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#### THOUGHTS FROM COMMON-PLACES.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

NOT a few of the men who pass for reformers may be likened to the bird in a room, which flies passionately against the closed window, and, in its eagerness, is blind to an open door opposite.

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If well-meaning men and women will philosophically consider the relative value of spiritual joy and sensual indulgence—of intellectual delight and selfish display, they can have no difficulty in deciding how their likes and dislikes should be marshaled, when cultivated, when discarded.

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When a thoughtful, well-informed man thinks over the ordinary speeches of a modern political canvasser, he is compelled to resist an unpleasant conviction that what was a miracle in Balaam's time is a common occurrence in the present day and generation.

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Not long ago, in a ticket-office at a railway station, we saw a placard which read thus, "No Smoking nor Boys Allowed Here"—a prominent, public declaration that the boys of the town are a nuisance. What a sad reflection on the homes of that town!

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Quiet, clever men—unobtrusive, negative men, are always popular, and often men of vigorous talent; put them forward as candidates for honorable office, rather than see a rival promoted. An indulgent public submits, and

our public interests pay the penalty on account of careless neglect, or provoking blunders. Thus it has become a proverb that the public is a goose which any body can pluck.

That selfishness which stands most persistently in the path of true progress—progress which guarantees the greatest good to the greatest number, is fitly satirized in the story of an aristocratic old gentleman, who said, "One of the drawbacks of this abominable spread of education is, that your servant, since the confounded fellow has learned to read, insists upon looking at the newspapers before you do. Bother your civilization! I say."

We heard a man praising very highly the benevolence of a certain *millionaire*, who, at his demise, left a handsome sum to a charitable institution. While living he was a perfect Shylock. His wealth was obtained by grinding the faces of the poor. We don't think much of such charity. The man deserves credit for his judgment, but none for his benevolence—because he never had any. Tight-fistedness, which only relaxes on the death-bed, is far from Scripture charity.

Since the telegraph goes with the army from head-quarters to outposts, and on a thousand lines commanders get orders and report progress to the War Office at the nation's capital, it is not utopian to anticipate that, in "the good time coming," which will succeed honorable peace, the telegraph may supersede the penny-post, become a common carrier for messages of love and business from one home to another, one store or one shop to another—from the country home to the city counting-room, and *vice versa*.

We have a letter from a young man of education and talent, inquiring whether we can not assist him to find some employment, "literary and remunerative." What inexperience of the ways of the world is expressed in that inquiry! There is no such employment, unless remuneration can be taken in "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." Literary employment is rarely remunerative in the world's sense, even to men who are known widely. Work for newspapers or magazines is reasonably paid for; but those who are not regular editors must have other employment, or they will find a demand for cheap boarding-houses and second-hand clothing stores very imperative. The literary men of America, who are not pecuniarily independent of labor, are edi-

tors, professors, preachers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, mechanics, merchants, or farmers.

American families and social circles too often, against true enjoyment, as well as against economy, put ornament before service. They are always associated in sound philosophy, but service is first provided for. When it is not, vanity displays itself as a leading characteristic at a home or in a social circle, and show is king where enjoyment ought to be chief magistrate. Even music is taught and practiced as an ornament, not as a solace. It is an ornament, bright and enduring; but whoever undertakes to teach it merely because it is, is a charlatan; and whoever undertakes to learn it simply because of its personal embellishment, must expect to make just that mechanical exhibition by which a considerable number of marriageable young ladies render pianos distressing to honest beaux, who know a musical note from a note in bank, or sharps in a tune from sharpness in a bargain.

#### TAKE ME HOME.

BY ANNE MILNE.

WHEN the crimson clouds of sunset  
Cease to brighten as they pass,  
And the falling shades of evening  
Lengthen on the dewy grass;  
When the early stars of heaven  
Come the azure fields to roam;  
With the sunset, stars, and shadows,  
Quickly rise thoughts of my home.

All the poets dream or fancy,  
Or the artists sketch with skill,  
Of the cottage and the landscape,  
Of the meadow and the rill,  
Form, perhaps, a lovely picture  
For the eyes alone to see;  
But there's naught of pen or pencil  
Half so dear as home to me.

"Hope enchanted" beckons toward it,  
There Love folds his rapid wing,  
All the dear, domestic virtues  
Ever to the hearth-stone cling;  
Long I for the fond caresses,  
World-wide fame is void to me,  
Sing to me the old home ballad,  
Take me to my mother's knee.

And the siren-song shall lure me  
From the highway's dust and heat—  
Rugged paths that lead me onward,  
Sharp unto my woman's feet;  
Let the world say I am sleeping;  
Care I while the soft dreams come,  
Turning this home into Eden,  
Till I wake in heaven, sweet home.

## A NOTE BY THE WAY.

BY ALICE FORREST.

I AM persuaded that there is in me a life which has never been developed—latent thoughts and feelings which are to reveal themselves somewhere in the untried future. Tomorrow's events may touch some hidden chord which shall grow tremulous with strange vibrations, may wake up some sleeping impulse that shall quiver with a new activity. We do not any of us know what the morrow will make us. Our lives are blossoming daily; their leaves are unfolding one by one as they are breathed upon by some soft wind, or gladdened by some ray of sunshine, or beat upon by many tempests. They may be brightly hued with joy's roseate tint, or steeped in the somber shade of grief; but if the dew-drops of faith, hope, and love sparkle on them, what will it matter whether they came down softly and silently in the still night, with the stars bright above them, or with the splashing rain-drops from the dark, overhanging clouds? We are not to be troubled so much as to how they came, but whether they are there or not.

## GONE.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADAY.

NO word in the English language expresses more heart-touching eloquence and pathos, more tenderness and beauty, than the simple word *Gone*! Robert Hall thought the word "*Tear*" the most beautiful and expressive in our language; but "*Gone*" has much of the suggestiveness and pathetic sentiment of that euphonious word. *Gone*! The loved and sacred of the heart and home—a father or mother, a brother or sister, *gone*! No sentiment could be more exquisitely intense to the mind, none more touching to the affections, than the idea of what is here *gone*—*gone* out of our sight and home forever! The "*Gone*," in this case, brings with it the eloquent, responsive "*Tear*"—in fine, there is a near kindredship between the sentiment of these two beautiful words. We can hardly conceive of the cause of a *tear* without conceiving of something *gone*. Try it, reader. Does the heart weep over the graves of loved ones? Then something is *gone*. Does it mourn over wasted time and opportunities, in the sad consciousness of being worse in consequence of that waste? Then something is *gone*. Or does it sadden because the affections

are consciously less glowing and warm toward Jesus and the cross? Then something is *gone*.

The past participle *gone* is, of course, much used in common connections in the language; but we often find it in the sublimest passages in the Scriptures as the key-word—as giving the most thrilling, heart-touching effect to the same. What could be more beautifully tender and expressive than the Psalmist's declaration amid the deepening twilight of closing life: "*I am gone like the shadow when it declineth.*" With what affecting pathos and beauty is this word used in describing the brevity of human existence: "*As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more!*"

*Gone*! Abundant as is our language in words, it is utterly impossible to conceive how we could do without this word. In many instances it expresses, as no other word can, the tenderest feelings and noblest affections of the human soul. It is preëminently the word of the heart and home. Life is always changing, always making voids about our hearth-stones; and over what is inevitable and of constant occurrence, "*Gone*" is the only word that expresses the soul's exquisitely-keen sense of loss and absence in the case. To our heart there is an expressiveness, a melody, and beauty in the participle "*Gone*," which we only see in its kindred word "*Tear*."

## MORAL COURAGE.

EVERY day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice.



## A DAY IN CAMP CONVALESCENT.

BY REV. J. T. CRANE, D. D.

BEING a member of the Committee of the Christian Commission for the city of Newark, N. J., and the vicinity, I was instructed by a vote of the Committee to visit the central offices of the Commission at Philadelphia and Washington, examine the whole system of operations, and report the result of my inquiries. I do not propose to inflict upon the readers of the Repository a formal document detailing the process and the fruits of the investigation, but to give them a gossiping account of certain things which interested the writer at the time, and may interest the reader when the types, if they ever do, shall spread the imperfect description before the public eye. The object had in view was to learn what ought to be done for the benefit of our patriot soldiers, and how we could work to the best advantage.

In accordance with the request I went to Philadelphia, and had an interview with Mr. Stuart and his efficient collaborators there; and thence went on to Washington, where I spent several days in explorations of various kinds, in the hospitals, and the camps, and round about. It is hardly necessary to say that I was fully convinced that the Commission is doing a most noble work, patriotic, humane, and Christian; but that it is doing it honestly, wisely, and well; so that every dollar contributed *tells*, finds its object, and achieves that whereunto it was sent by the donor. The character of the chief managers, and of the immediate agents of distribution, is a sufficient guarantee that there will be no fraud, nor waste. The spacious rooms of the Commission in Philadelphia and Washington were models of system, activity, and promptness. Boxes, letters, telegraphic dispatches were constantly arriving, and as constantly departing, bearing books, tracts, clothing, cordials, comforts for the body and the soul, to our brave men in the field, the camp, and the hospital, every-where. During the past year supplies, valued at nearly a million of dollars, were distributed; and more than twelve hundred delegates, most of whom were ministers of the various denominations of Christians, labored under its auspices without earthly reward. On the field and in the hospitals of Gettysburg alone competent judges estimate the number of lives literally saved by the Commission at one thousand. Those who have the disposition to give of their substance to alleviate the sufferings of our

noble defenders may rest assured that all their donations of every kind will be applied more economically and wisely by the hands of the Commission, than they could be by any private agency.

But the memorable day of the tour of exploration was Sunday, May 24th, whose events I sat down to chronicle for the columns of the Repository. We had arranged to spend the day at Camp Convalescent, which is on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and some five miles from the city. The other members of the party are so well known to the public that I feel that there is no impropriety in my naming them. They were Bishop Janes, Geo. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, Mr. Demond, of Boston, and Mr. Shearer, the efficient manager of the depot of the Commission at Washington. The use of a Government ambulance had been obtained by application to the proper officer; and punctually at the early hour designated the vehicle and its blue-coated driver were at the door of the Metropolitan. The turn-out could not be called, in strictness of speech, a stylish one. The horses—specimens, I presume, of the multitudinous nags of our respected Uncle Samuel—looked strong and serviceable, but were not particularly sleek or handsome. Their bones, in fact, showed hilly ranges, or juttied up in single peaks that appeared altogether too abrupt and rocky to agree with the speculations of Hogarth concerning the lines of Beauty and Grace. Possibly speculations in oats had more to do with their outlines than the theories of the great painter. The ambulance, as we will state for the benefit of those who never have had the good or ill fortune to see one, is, in outward seeming, much like the covered wagon of a country butcher. The interior differs from it in that it has two seats running lengthwise, on which four or five passengers sitting on the one side may face an equal number on the other.

The driver, who was a soldier and "under authority," pulled out the document containing his orders, and showed it to us, to make sure that the right persons were taking possession of his establishment, and we clambered in at the open stern of the craft. Down Pennsylvania Avenue we went, down another street, then across the Tiber, the most unclassical stream that ever bore a classic name. We rumbled over the lengthened ways of Long Bridge. At the southern end thereof the driver made a sudden halt, and a soldier presented himself with the inquiring look of one whose duty it is to keep his eyes open, and see that no suspi-

cious characters slip through his fingers. A group of men, and a number of stacked muskets, formed the background of the scene. A document, executed with all due form, was handed him, certifying that Bishop Janes, Geo. H. Stuart, etc., were authorized to cross the said bridge to the sacred soil of Virginia, and return at their pleasure. The thing being thus made officially clear to the eyes of the guardians of the Potomac, we rumbled off the planks upon the territory of the Old Dominion. Our first near view of this part of the State of Virginia was not enchanting. There are a few dwellings close to the bridge; but the four or five miles of space between them and Camp Convalescent are a desolation, without houses, fences, or inhabitant, save an encampment or two of soldiers. The face of the country is hilly, and there is much forest. The soil is a reddish clay; the road was rough, with deep ruts made earlier in the season, and now dried almost to the consistency of brick.

About a mile or so from the Potomac we came to one of the earthworks erected for the defense of Washington. We saw a portion of the garrison on parade; they were Massachusetts men; and the perfect neatness of their dress, the immaculate polish of their arms, and the accuracy of their drill spoke well for the boys of the Old Bay State. We looked into a log-house which had been built for a hospital, and found several sick men. We talked with each of them in regard to his soul, offered prayer in their behalf, and left them.

Again in our ambulance, we rode on through the desolation, and about ten o'clock reached our place of destination. Camp Convalescent is situated on a series of slight elevations, which are covered with a growth of yellow pines, the trees being forty or fifty feet high, and yielding only a scanty shade. Again a sentinel examined our pass, and nodded his satisfaction therewith, and we drove inside the lines. From a grove of pines on the left of the wagon path there came the sound of a hymn, a strong chorus, "as the voice of many waters," which reminded us at once of a camp meeting, and we instinctively turned toward it. We found in the grove a commodious chapel of rough boards, and near it were pitched three tents. These all were appliances of the Christian Commission. Under its auspices the chapel was built, the Commission buying the materials, and the convalescent soldiers performing the labor. One of the tents was the dwelling-place of the Rev. Mr. Lyford and his estimable Christian wife. Brother Lyford met us, and after an exchange of greetings, gave us some account of his work.

He had come to the Camp to labor for a few weeks for the benefit of the soldiers, and so great a blessing had followed the Word, that he had prolonged his stay much beyond his first intention. A revival was in progress. For some weeks there had been a sermon and one or two prayer meetings daily. He had been busy in season and out of season, preaching, praying, conversing with those who came to ask for counsel, till his strength began to fail, and still his spirit was as willing as ever. Mrs. Lyford, too, as we learned from other sources, had been as zealous and as laborious as himself, and a true helpmeet in holy toil. There had been three hundred men, or more, converted, many of whom had returned to their regiments, bearing with them the savor of godliness—and still the work was going on. In their meetings sometimes thirty or forty would rise to testify their desire to follow Christ.

But the time for the regular morning service had come, and we entered the chapel. It was already crowded. Every seat was filled; the steps around the pulpit were full; the aisles and the doorway were full of men who could find no seats, but stood through the entire service. On the outside a group clustered around each open window; and save two or three ladies, a child, and those connected with the Commission, the audience was composed entirely of soldiers. The Bishop preached a plain, practical, able discourse, very suitable to the occasion. His audience listened with deep solemnity and many tears. At the close of the service we were introduced to Col. McKelway, the officer in command, and under his guidance made a tour of the camp. He informed us that there were then in camp nearly four thousand men, about fifteen hundred of whom were convalescent, sent here to recover their full vigor before they were returned to their regiments—and the rest paroled men, captured at the battle of Fredericksburg, who had arrived only two days before our visit. The barracks were long frame structures, built of rough boards, but made respectable and neat in appearance by whitewash.

We saw the cooking department, where they bake bread by the cord, roast meat by the tun, and boil coffee by the hoghead. We saw a thousand men, or more, at their dinner. The hall was a very long room, wide enough for three ranges of tables. Plates containing rations of meat and vegetables, with a huge piece of bread and a tin cup of coffee flanking each, extended in close order along each side of the table. We tasted some of the bread—it was good enough for the President; and the

odor of the beef and the coffee was very satisfactory and suggestive. The men were marched into the room in military style, and stood at the table while eating. As I looked at the simple food, and the scanty table furniture, and saw the evident relish with which the soldiers partook of it, it struck me that our real wants are not as numerous as we are accustomed to imagine, and that the ordinary styles of housekeeping are needlessly complicated and cumbersome.

We dined in the tent of brother Lyford, and then went to the afternoon meeting. The gathering this time was under the pines in front of the chapel. The seats had all been brought out; the stray benches and odd planks had been gathered up from every quarter and pressed into the service, yet a multitude of hearers were compelled to stand up the whole time of worship. I was called upon to make the first address, which was followed by interesting, moving speeches by Mr. Demond and Mr. Stuart. The Bishop then proceeded to the administration of the Lord's Supper. Just in front of the platform, at the door of the chapel, was a smooth place where the clay had been rendered level and hard by the tread of many feet. A long wooden bench was placed here, and before it a little pine table covered with a cloth, and upon it a vessel of wine, two or three common tumblers, and a plate of bread. After a few remarks on the nature of the rite to be administered, and the right state of the heart as we come to the table of the Lord, the sacramental prayers were offered, and all believers were invited to come and testify their faith and renew their vows. The Bishop remarked that we were not all of the same denomination, nor accustomed to the same mode of administration, and consequently every man must consider himself at liberty to sit, or stand, or kneel, assuming the posture which he deemed most suitable. With many tokens of deep emotion, solemn joy, the soldiers came forward, one company after another, till at least a hundred and fifty had communed—a half a dozen or so sitting upon the bench, the rest kneeling. Hundreds of others stood with thoughtful faces beholding the scene. And I will here add that throughout the day I did not hear a word or see a gesture that was not serious and respectful. Our soldiers are not all converted; but amid the scenes of death through which they pass they learn to reverence that religion which prepares men to die.

After this interesting service we visited the camp hospital and conversed with the patients. No one can go among even our sick and dying

soldiers without seeing every-where, and all the time, tokens of the intelligent, ardent patriotism that burns in their hearts. Away from their homes, weary and worn with wounds or disease, sometimes with every temptation to despondency and homesickness, they bear brave hearts and cheerful faces, rejoicing that they are counted worthy to suffer in so good a cause. No where, save in one instance, while in Camp Convalescent, did I find discontent or hear complaint; and in the solitary exception noted the chief affliction of the man seemed to be that the Government, as he said, was "making soldiers of the nagurs." "The warriors of the dusky brow," as I heard one of their own orators style them, can afford to smile now at such foolish prejudices.

At half-past six o'clock we assembled again for worship, using the same outdoor arrangements that had been prepared for the preceding service. The writer was this time drafted for the sermon. Again a very large congregation gathered beneath the pines to hear the Word of God. As the sermon, albeit not a long one, proceeded, the evening shadows came, and twilight deepened into night. Lamps were brought out and hung up on each side of the door of the chapel. The scene was singularly picturesque. On the platform, the "stoop" of the chapel, sat three or four ministers: around the smooth space where we had knelt in the communion were the benches filled with soldiers; and beyond them a great crowd of men standing up for lack of seats; and scattered among them were the trunks of the pines, illuminated with the bright rays of the lamps. Then darkness set the picture in a frame of jet, save where a light glittered here and there among the distant trees. The little circle of light, the motionless, silent crowd, the earnest, thoughtful faces, the dark foliage overhead, the wall of shadows around, the military character of the audience, the history which they had already wrought, the high hopes built upon their courage and patriotism, all conspired to impress and move.

At the close of the sermon brother Lyford added a few words of exhortation, and then invited those who desired to seek the Savior to come forward and stand in the open space before the platform. Immediately, without urging and without delay, they began to come from every part of the audience. Some wore the neat uniform of the convalescents, others bore numerous marks of hard campaigns and the privations of prison life. Some wore the yellow stripes of the cavalry, others the blue of the infantry, others the red of the artillery.

There were veterans there, strong men whose faces were brown with long exposure, and who bore the scars of honorable wounds. On they came, till a line was formed all the way across the allotted space; then another line formed behind them, then a third, then a fourth, then a fifth, till more than one hundred men, perhaps one hundred and twenty, in that sacred hour placed themselves visibly "on the Lord's side." Deep emotion was graven on the faces of these inquirers after peace. What we felt who sat or stood upon the platform I need not try to tell. Many tears flowed in every part of the audience, and many a fervent "Thank God!" was uttered with sobbing voice. Brother Lyford asked Bishop Janes to lead in prayer. "I can not command my voice sufficiently," was the reply, and brother Lyford himself prayed. At the conclusion of his prayer brother Stuart prayed; by this time the Bishop had found his voice, and led the devotions. Still another prayer was offered in behalf of the penitents, who had remained all this time upon their knees, weeping and urging their petitions for the Divine favor—not noisily, but with great earnestness. As the fourth prayer concluded the drums began to beat the signal. Nine o'clock had come, and all public meetings must close. Our services were promptly brought to an end, but the audience remained as if loth to leave the place. The soldiers gathered around to shake hands with the Bishop and Mr. Stuart, and thank us for coming to spend a day among them. Some pressed their way through the throng to tell us that they had found Jesus; others to say that they had formed the "great resolve," and were determined, through Divine help, to live the life of the righteous. Several told us that now, for the first time, they felt peace within. One desired me, on my return home, to call at his house in Newark, and tell his wife that he had found Christ, adding, "It will make her happier than it would to hear that I had been elected President of the United States." And still they clustered around us to shake hands and bid us farewell.

It was nearly ten o'clock before we summoned our ambulance, and set out for Washington. Again we toiled over the rough road, and rumbled over Long Bridge. Again we beheld the lofty, yet unfinished structure, erected in memory of Washington, which looked white and ghost-like in the bright moonlight. Soon we were again within the ample walls of the Metropolitan, and fast asleep. And among the last, wandering, grateful thoughts that lingered in the mind was the conclusion, *I have seen strange things to-day.*

### TO A LONE CLOUD.

BY GEORGE W. TELL.

LONG have I watched thy slow approach,  
Thou lone, white wanderer of the night!  
Radiant, as on thy snowy peaks  
The moonbeams sit like birds of light,  
And o'er thee shake, in wild transports,  
Their silvery plumage. Calm thou 'rt, too,  
Though starry eve on thee, hung round  
With waveless drapery of blue,  
Reposed; or thou wert floating just  
Within the evening hush of heaven.  
And as I, raptured, gaze on thee,  
Fair native of the sky, thou even  
Seemest a stranger cloud that long  
Hath nestled in celestial skies,  
Come, wand'ring, here; while hushed along  
Where'er thy fleecy folds arise,  
Angelic voyagers recline.  
Yet, as I gaze, I think that thou,  
Perhaps, hast not thus always sailed  
'Neath skies as calm as these are now.  
Thou 'st quaked when thunders sullen roared;  
The lightning, too, thy breast hath riven;  
Like frightened bird, on broken wing,  
Thou hast before the storm been driven.  
Yet driven by the tempest now  
Where danger past and hushed thy fear,  
These azure skies outspread serene,  
And heavenly quiet fills the air.  
Ah! so I think 't will matter not,  
Though tempest-tossed through life I be,  
If thus *my* bark life's storms shall drive  
Upon the calm, eternal sea.

### THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

REST? rest? O no, it can not be,  
While throbs one pulse of life;  
A glorious banner waves o'er me—  
Mine is a path of strife.  
How can the warrior find repose  
Amidst the battle's din?  
Or quietude be sought by those  
Who victory's wreath would win?  
Rest? rest? Not till the race is run  
Which yet before me lies;  
Inglorious ease befits not one  
Who hopes to gain the prize.  
The infant on its mother's breast  
May calmly, sweetly sleep;  
But theirs must be no dreamy rest  
Who climb the mountain steep.  
Rest? rest? Yes, on a holier shore,  
Where toil and turmoil cease;  
Where present conflicts come no more,  
But all is hushed to peace.  
Perpetual calm shall fill this breast,  
When passed o'er life's rough sea;  
O will not that eternal rest  
Be rest enough for me?



## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Cabinet.

#### A DIFFICULTY IN DAVID'S HISTORY EXPLAINED.—

Here, too, we had an opportunity of witnessing, more than once, incidents of a kind that forcibly reminded us of scenes in the Scripture history of David, by which readers ignorant of the country in which they happened, may have been often not a little perplexed. When David was hiding in the wilderness of Ziph, an opportunity presented itself of slaying King Saul as he lay asleep in the night, unconscious of any danger being near. Too generous to avail himself of the advantages that had come so unexpectedly and so temptingly in his way, David, nevertheless, resolved to show how completely his persecutor had been in his power. Stealing noiselessly into Saul's camp, accompanied by a single follower, and passing unobserved through the midst of the drowsy guards, David "took the spear and the cruse of water from Saul's bolster; and they got them away, and no man saw it, nor knew it, neither awaked: for they were all asleep." 1 Samuel xxvi, 12. Having performed this daring exploit, he and his attendant, Abishai, "went over to the other side, and stood on the top of a hill afar off, a great space being between them." Having got to this safe distance from the relentless enemy, David is represented in the sacred history as proceeding to address Abner, the leader of Saul's host, and to taunt him with his unsoldier-like want of vigilance in leaving his royal master exposed to the hazard of being slain in the very midst of his own camp.

What is apt to appear strange in this narrative, is the fact that these hostile parties should have been near enough to carry on the conversation which the narrative describes, and yet that all the while the one should have been entirely beyond the reach of the other. That all this, however, was both possible and easy, was verified in our presence. As we were riding cautiously along the face of the hill, our attention was suddenly arrested by the voice of a shepherd, who was evidently calling to some one whom we could not see, but whose answer we distinctly heard. The dialogue went on. Another and another sentence was slowly and sonorously uttered by the shepherd near us, and as often the response was distinctly given. At length, guided by the sound, we descried, far up the confronting hill, the source of the second voice in the person of another shepherd; and learned from our Arab attendants that they were talking to each other about their flocks. Between these two men was the deep crevasse formed by the valley of the Kedron, walled in by lofty precipices, which no human foot could scale. It would probably have taken a full hour for one, even as fleet and as strong-winded as an Asahel to

pass from the standing-place of the one speaker to that of the other; and yet they were exchanging words with perfect ease. The mystery of the dramatic scene in the wilderness of Ziph was at an end; and we were reminded at the same time of an important truth, that in dealing with the sacred Scripture, ignorance often makes difficulties which a larger knowledge and a deeper intelligence would at once remove. As we moved along the hill-face, dialogues of the same kind once and again attracted our notice, showing plainly that these trans-valline colloquies are of common occurrence. The facility of hearing was no doubt increased by the extreme stillness of the air, and by the voice being at once confined and thrown back by the steep sides of the hill.

AN OBSCURE PROVERB EXPLAINED.—"*As he that bindeth a stone in a sling, so is he that giveth honor to a fool.*" Prov. xxvi, 8.

It is not easy to discern any appropriateness in this comparison. It is true that to bind a stone in a sling would be to disregard the proper use of the sling, and to make the stone useless for the purpose for which it is placed in a sling. And one might say that to give honor to a fool is equally to pervert the proper use of honor as the meed of merit. But there seems little force, or even pertinence in the comparison. In the one case things are brought together that belong together, and are adapted to each other, but the object of their juxtaposition is defeated by a strange and unaccountable procedure. In the other case things essentially incongruous are associated together. A sling and a stone are well matched, only the stone should not be bound or fastened there; but a fool and honor are altogether ill-mated; they have no business together. This last is no doubt the idea which Solomon wished to represent by a forcible comparison, and the marginal reading expresses his idea much more pertinently than the text: "*As he that putteth a precious stone in a heap of stones, so is he that giveth honor to a fool.*" This seems a great change in the form of expression; but it agrees better with the original. The word translated in the one case "a sling," and in the other "a heap of stones," is derived from a verb which means primarily to throw, and then to heap up by throwing, and is particularly applied—though not exclusively—to throwing or heaping up stones. Hence it might mean the instrument with which stones are hurled—a sling; or the result of throwing stones together—a heap. The latter meaning is in the text much the more pertinent. But the other was adopted by our English translators from the Septuagint. Ge-

senius, in his Hebrew Lexicon, gives a different sense also to the first part of the verse: "As a purse of gems in a heap of stones," etc. This seems to give still more force to the comparison, though the marginal reading in our Bibles agrees better with translations in other languages that we have examined. To give honor to a fool is as great a waste, and as incongruous a conjunction, as it would be to put a precious stone or a purse of gems among a heap of common stones. The pearl is too precious for so vile a setting.

**GOD IN NATURE.**—"*For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.*" Rom. i. 20.

When Napoleon was returning from his campaign in Egypt and Syria, he was seated, one night, upon the deck of the vessel under the open canopy of the heavens, surrounded by his captains and generals. The conversation had taken a skeptical direction, and most of the party had combated the doctrine of the Divine Existence. Napoleon sat silent and musing, apparently taking no interest in the discussion, when suddenly raising his hand and pointing at the crystalline firmament, crowded with its mildly-shining planets and its keen glittering stars, he broke out, in those startling tones that so often electrified a million of men, "Gentlemen, who made all that?" The "eternal power and Godhead" of the Creator are impressed by "the things that are made;" and these words of Napoleon to his atheistic captains silenced them. And the same impression is made the world over. Go to-day into the heart of Africa, or into the center of New Holland; select the most imbruted pagan that can be found; take him out under a clear starlit heaven, and ask him who made all that, and the idea of a superior Being, superior to all his fetishes and idols, possessing internal power and Godhead, immediately merges in his consciousness. The instant the missionary takes this lustful idolater away from the circle of his idols, and brings him face to face with the heavens and the earth, as Napoleon brought his captains, the constitutional idea dawns again, and the pagan trembles before the unseen power.

**HE SHALL SIT AS A REFINER.**—"*He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.*" Malachi iii. 3.

A few ladies met at each other's houses to study the Scriptures. When they came to the third chapter of Malachi, the conversation turned on the method of purifying silver. One lady undertook to inquire of a silversmith how he conducted the process. "Do you sit during the operation?" "Yes," was the reply, "for I must keep my eye steadily on the furnace, lest the silver become injured by the intense heat."

The Lord sees it needful to put his children into the furnace of affliction, but he sits by the side of it, intent on purification, not destruction. "The fiery trial" shall not be greater, either in intensity or in duration, than is requisite for this end.

As the lady was about to retire, the silversmith said that he knew the process was perfect when he saw his own face in the metal. When the Savior sees his own

image—the counterpart of every grace that is in himself—in our hearts, our sanctification becomes a reality.

The molten silver continues in a state of agitation till all impurity is thrown off, and then it becomes quite still. God knows that you can not desire suffering for itself. Bitter must always be bitter; yet for the blessing which sanctified affliction brings, your Heavenly Father can so bend your will in sweet submission as to incite the prayer, "Lord, put me into any furnace, so that I come forth more like my Savior, who himself 'learned obedience by the things that he suffered.'"

Many submissive children of God have been made so as the result of protracted suffering. One dear friend, in her last agony, found true consolation in the words, "He shall sit as a refiner;" and bore long and excruciating pain, as the pains of death can only be borne under God's eye. At the request of an afflicted friend, the poet Montgomery expressed the idea in some beautiful stanzas. Suffering Christian, apply thoughtfully the closing lines:

"Thus in God's presence are his people tried:

Thrice happy they who to the end endure.

But who the fiery trial may abide!

Who from the crucible come forth so pure,

That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,

May see his image perfect in the soul?"

**PAUL'S ESTIMATE OF HEAVEN.**—"*For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.*" Rom. viii. 18.

In speaking of the glories of the eternal world, the rapture of the apostle does not escape him as a sally of the imagination, as a thought awakened by a sudden glance of the object; he does not express himself at random, from the sudden impulse of the moment, but in the sober tone of calculation. "I reckon," he says, like a man skilled in this spiritual arithmetic, "I reckon," after a due estimate of their comparative value, "that the sufferings of this present time are nothing to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

No man was ever so well qualified to make this estimate. Of the sufferings of the present world he had shared more largely than any man. Of the glory that shall be revealed he had a glimpse granted to no other man. He had been caught up into paradise. He had heard the words of God, and seen the vision of the Almighty; and the result of this privileged experience was, that he "desired to depart and be with Christ;" that he desired to escape from this valley of tears; that he was impatient to recover the celestial vision, eager to perpetuate the momentary foretaste of the glories of immortality.—*Hannah More.*

**HOPE AND FEAR.**—Christ would have us to hope; the devil would have us to fear and doubt. Hope is saving, fear destroying. Christ, the Savior, is the author of hope; the devil, "a murderer from the beginning," is the inspirer and suggester of doubt. Christ, the "faithful and true witness" of God's dispositions toward us, commands us to hope and to trust. Flee, therefore, for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before you in the Gospel, and "hold fast" to it "without wavering."

## Inns and Curries.

EAST AND WEST FROM THE NORTH POLE.—Alas! poor "Mary!" I fear neither the "First" nor "Second Reader" will avail you. Let us try the geography. But first, suppose you are near the completion of your journey to the north pole; a yard more and you may place your foot upon it. So far all is plain: your face is north, your back is south, your right hand east, and your left hand west. Now, keeping "front-faced" to the pole, "side-step" to the right—you are moving eastward, and if snow be there, your tracks will describe a circle around the pole. "Side-step" in the same manner to the left, and you are moving westward in the same circle: *this circle is a parallel of latitude*. From the center of the circle—the pole—draw a number of radii to its circumference, and suppose them all to be indefinitely extended; they will cross the equator at right angles and all meet at the south pole, and are *meridians of longitude*. Now, remember that *geography*—not astronomy—is a description of the earth's surface, and knows properly no zenith nor nadir, and you will have no trouble. When you stand on the circumference of the little circle I have supposed, facing its center, north is toward its center measured from any part of the circumference; south is from the center in any direction toward the circumference; east is around the circumference toward your right, and west is around the circumference toward your left. Now, geography measures north and south on "meridians," and east and west on "parallels." Enlarge your little two-yard circle to the size of the arctic circle or even the equator, and you will at once see how true are the positions here assumed. But instead of enlarging, diminish the circle. Place a penny upon the point indicating the pole or center, and put an ink dot on the center of the penny. From the ink dot to the rim of the penny is south; from the rim to the center of the penny is north, around the rim "by the right" is east, and "by the left" is west.

Again: suppose the penny to continually diminish till it vanishes into what is called a geometrical point: of course east, and west, and north, for that point, all vanish at the same instant, and all the lines that may be imagined as drawn from that point on the earth's surface are *meridians running south*. Although Mary's query alluded to the "zenith" and "nadir," astronomical terms, I have answered it purely as a geographical one, as this is manifestly the sense in which she asked it.

Finally, Miss "Mary," when you do take that trip to the pole, remember that for the last rod as well as the first you will be walking *due north on a horizontal*; and do n't imagine that the moment your foot touches the pole north has turned a right angle and climbed the heavens above you: if, while on the pole, you wish to "go east" or "west," you have simply to execute the second lesson of the soldier without arms—"left face" for the former, and "right face" for the latter; and, above all, when you come back south do n't think of *digging through!*—better take the outside track.

W. H. Y.

MEANING OF THE INDIAN NAMES PENOBSCOT AND KENNEBEC.—These words would seem to belong to the great Algonquin group of Indian languages, which were spoken from New Brunswick to Michigan, in all New England, and parts of New York, Ohio, etc.

In the Passamaquoddy dialect, spoken in Eastern Maine, *Penobsc* or *Penobsc* signifies *rock*, while the New England dialects, in general, have a local termination in *at, et, elt, ut*, as *Manhatan*, *Nantucket*, *Seaconett*, *Massachusetts*, *Connecticut*. Hence *Penobscot*, sometimes written *Penobscot*, meaning *rock-place*.

The following are dialectic forms meaning *serpent*:

Ogibwa, *Kenabik*, *Kenabik*, *Ghenabig*—g sounding as k.

Miami *Kenapekwoh*.

Menominee, *Kenopeek*.

All which, taken in connection with the exceeding crookedness of the Kennebec, would seem to explain the meaning of its name. W. H. Y.

QUESTION OF AUTHORSHIP ANSWERED.—Some months since an effort was made in your columns to discover the author of the lines commencing thus:

"One sweetly-solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er."

In *Morris and Willis's Home Journal* for February 22, 1862, the authorship is ascribed to Rev. J. C. Ryle. A. P. W.

THE AMERICAN YOUNG LADY.—I said that all the ladies can talk. A flow of sharp, shrewd, intelligent, and, as a rule, well-chosen and correct language is the shining attainment of all American ladies, from the school-girl upward. All the school-girls themselves talk with an ease and volubility that would astonish the superintendents of many ladies' colleges at home. There is no hesitation, no blushing, no stammering, no twiddling of the fingers, no plucking at bouquets, or nervous unhemming of handkerchiefs. The rapid in-anities that pass between partners at an English ball would be scouted. To be shy is to be unpatriotic. The American young lady goes straight to the point. "How is your health? How long have you been in the country? Do you like it? Have you had a good time? What do you think of the action of the nation in the present struggle? Are you not struck with admiration at the deeds of valor performed by the nation's armies? Have you read Longfellow's 'Wayside Inn'? When is Tennyson's 'Boadicea' to appear? Was not England convulsed with enthusiasm at the apparition of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher? Do n't you think the room wants oxygen? Are not the monitors triumphs of mechanical construction? Have you been to Niagara?" These are a few of the queries she rattles out. You are at first delighted, then amazed, and at last puzzled; for the intelligent and well-read young lady continually addresses you as "sir," and every now and then she asks you a question so *naïve*, so artlessly ignorant, that you pause to inquire of yourself whether she can be more than six years old.—*Sala*.

## Discarded for Children.

THE PATRIOTIC BOY—A TRUE STORY.—One morning in May, 1861, a knot of young men were standing at the corner of the principal street in a little town not far from Boston, excitedly discussing the latest news, for the torch of war had been lighted at Fort Sumter, and the red glow filled the land, putting a stop for a time to all business whatever; till the first volunteer armies had been enlisted and sent out to crush the rebellion. Among the rest, not talking, but with eager eyes and ears drinking in all that was said, stood Albert O., a boy of sixteen years, son of the wealthiest man in the place.

"I would enlist this minute," said Charley B., "if there was any one to look after my dear old mother. She is so feeble now, and her little property is not quite enough to keep her, besides she needs a son at home to split kindling-wood, bring in coal and water, start the fire and rub her lame ankle mornings, and [dropping his voice] read the Bible to her evenings. So how can I go?—though she tells me not to stay for her, but go where the Lord and my country needs me more! She is a true patriot and a Christian, my mother is—and I wish I could go—but how can I?"

"I do n't see how you can, Charley," spoke another young man, "but I wish you could, for you and I have been chums so long that I would be glad if we could be comrades still."

"I want to go," said an older man in the group—a grave, sad-looking man; "I know if my Mary was living she'd tell me to go at once and serve my country, but how can I leave my motherless children?"

"I thought their aunt Emily took care of them," remarked another.

"So she does, but she could not afford to do so for nothing. I pay her \$200 a year for their board and what teaching she can give them till they can go to the public school. If they were old enough Jenny could teach, and Willie could work in a machine shop, and so take care of themselves, but now they are too young for me to leave."

"Well, I am going," said one.

"And I," said another.

And they talked about the new company, and who of their town's people were to be officers, and so on till one of them turned round to the boy asking,

"Is it true, Albert, that your father's book-keeper is going as ensign?"

"I do n't know," replied Albert, "he has said nothing to me about it."

"Yes, he is going," said one of the men, "I went in the store not an hour since and he told me so."

So the talk went on, and Albert listened awhile, but presently left them, and going to his father's house went to his own room, where he locked himself in; and sitting down by the window, gazed out upon the sky apparently lost in anxious thought. At last his face brightened; an earnest, ardent look came into his dark blue eyes; he started up and walked around the room excitedly; then he kneeled at the bedside and prayed

God to help him in his new enterprise, and give him strength to carry it out.

Then leaving his room he went to his father's office Mr. O. was very much occupied, and Albert waited as patiently as he could till the visitor was gone, then went in.

"Father," said he, "can you spare five minutes to talk with me?"

"Yes, my son, ten if you like."

"Is it true, father, that Mr. J., your book-keeper, has enlisted?"

"Yes, Albert, he is going as ensign; he told me so this morning, and I have sent money up to your mother not an hour ago, that she may buy the material for the regimental colors. Your sisters will help her make the flag, and all must be ready in four days to present to the regiment before they leave."

This news was very interesting to Albert, but he did not comment on it; his mind was full of another subject.

"Father," he asked, "have you engaged another book-keeper?"

"No, I have not. I think I must send to Boston and advertise for one."

"O do n't, father! O how I wish—O, if I dare to say it!"

And Albert broke down—large tears were in his eyes, which nothing but his boyish pride prevented from falling. His father looked at him in surprise, and said kindly,

"You surely know, my son, that you may dare say any thing to me."

"O, father," the boy exclaimed impetuously, "you know how much I wish to serve my country? And you said I was not old enough to go to war, but might prove myself a better patriot by staying at home—and now here is a chance to do something; and, father, do not refuse to let me, for if you do I shall break my heart."

"My dear Albert, you know I never refuse you any thing reasonable."

"I know it, father, but this—O, I know just what you will say! But I can't help it! Father, this morning I heard some of the men talking, and there were two who wanted to enlist, and would, but one had an infirm old mother to look after, and the other had two little children—motherless children—and so they could not either of them go, though they wanted to so much."

"And so you want me to provide for the old mother and two little children? Well, I'll try to do it—but"—

"No! no! father, not that; I know you have quite enough on your hands as it is—so many to help—but, father, I want to take care of them myself!"

"You take care of them!" said the father in astonishment.

"Yes, father, if you'll only let me be book-keeper in Mr. J.'s place! You know he has been teaching me



lately, and before he goes he can show me just how the books stand—and if I should require any looking over, why, father, I'll work for half price—you pay him one hundred dollars a month, and if you'll pay me fifty, it will be quite enough for all I'll want, then"—

"But, Albert," interrupted his father, "wait a moment, do n't get excited over it, but give me a little time to consider! You wish to be my book-keeper?"

"Yes, father."

"But in that case you will need to be here in the office all day, every day—from eight in the morning till six in the evening."

"Yes, father, I know it."

"Have you thought how arduous and severe a life that will be for you?"

"Yes, father, I have thought it all over and am not afraid. Just try me and you'll see how I'll stick to business."

"But then your studies, my son. Have you given up your plan of going to college? And must I relinquish my hope of seeing my son one of our ablest lawyers and politicians before I die? Must this be given up?"

"No, father, not yet. I have thought it all over in my own room this morning; and though a week since it would have almost broken my heart to have met with any delay in my studies, yet now I think I can wait a year longer before going to college; and by studying evenings I will not lose any thing I now know."

"But if the war should not be ended in a year—if it should last till you are too old to go to college—or if these men should never come back—should be killed—then you would have their families to provide for all their lives. Would you not then regret what you had done?"

The boy's face grew very pale. He sat silent awhile; the large tears came in his eyes and splashed down, but he soon brushed them away and looked up with an untroubled face, saying,

"God would help me bear even that. Others must make sacrifices for our country, and why should not I? And you know, father, that many of our most eminent men never went through college; so if I live I promise you that your heart shall yet grow warm with love and pride for me."

He did not know, as his father rose and turned to his desk, that his heart was already throbbing with love and pride for his son; but he heard the quiver in his voice as Mr. O. replied,

"I honor your sentiment, my son, but can not give you my answer till to-morrow morning. In the mean time do not mention the subject to any one. And now I must excuse you, Albert, for I have something else to do."

So Albert hastened home to his own room, where he was soon immersed in book-keeping, that he might be sure of his proficiency in case his father might accept his offer.

Meanwhile Mr. O., having locked himself up in his office, fell on his knees, and with tears of joy thanked God that he had given him such a son.

That night Mr. O. consulted his wife, and in the morning told Albert he might do as he wished.

Charley B. and William H. were very much sur-

prised to hear Albert's proposition; but when they found he was in earnest, and his father approved his plan, they enlisted and went, leaving their dear ones in his care.

And well did he redeem his promises. Good old widow B. grew to love him as her son; and many a prayer went up from her heart for Albert as he would come in at six o'clock in the morning, kindle her fire, draw water, put on the tea-kettle, and then go to her bedside and rub her lame ankle till it grew "limber" enough for her to go about on it. Sometimes he staid and took breakfast with her, but she felt she could endure something for her country, so she generally sent him home as soon as she could, for she knew he wished to be there.

Then every evening, no matter what the weather, he came from his father's house and spent an hour with her, looking about to see that every thing was done up for the night and finally reading her a chapter in the Bible, because her eyesight was growing poor, and she could not see to read at night, yet did not like to go to sleep till she had heard some of the blessed word of promise.

No wonder the widow's prayers and blessings ascended for him to the throne of God almost hourly, and I believe their influence will hallow and ennoble his whole life.

He watched over the little children, too, in a loving, brotherly way, going to see them often, and frequently sending them little gifts "from brother Albert" when he could not go. Then they and their maiden aunt, Emily, were invited to his father's house every Sunday to dinner and tea.

The four dollars a week which he gave aunt Emily, and the three dollars which he gave Mrs. B., still left him money enough to help many other soldiers' families, and Albert fully realized the truth, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The year was not quite gone when Charley B. came home with but one leg, and soon the news came of William H., "killed on the field of battle." Then Mr. O. provided for the two children, leaving them still in the care of their dear aunt Emily; and when Albert had instructed Charley B. in the mysteries of book-keeping, Mr. O. took him into his employ and sent Albert to college.

We shall hear from him yet. A boy like that will surely develop into a great and good man.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.—Franky D., a little black-eyed fellow of five Summers, was sitting at the supper-table with his mamma and papa on Sunday evening. Looking up thoughtfully he said, "Ma, Lucy and Eva are eating supper with God now"—meaning two little girl babies that were dead.

AND here is another from our own little boy Herbert, of five years. This, too, was Sunday evening; the room had become dark, and we were all holding converse with ourselves, when he spoke out, "Ma, God is heaven," and we thought, who could have told more plainly the meaning of heaven! Do not the angels give little children such beautiful thoughts? Certainly a child is nearer the kingdom of heaven than we are.

E. F.

## Mayair Gleanings.

**NO WASTE IN THE UNIVERSE.**—When Christ had performed the astonishing miracle of multiplying the few loaves and fishes into a quantity of food sufficient to satisfy the thousands of men, women, and children that followed him, he concluded the wonderful repast by saying to his disciples, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." How strangely this sounds from the lips of one who had just magnified a few loaves into so great a quantity of bread! Yet how like God is that wonderful economy—"let nothing be lost!" Thus we read in the following beautiful passage:

What an economist is Nature, so made by God! She economizes even the light she so immensely possesses; catches it on the moon as a candle, after the sun has gone down, as we say, when he is but rising on other lands; and sends it inconceivably far to us from the stars. She economizes heat, equalizing it for the life and health of the whole world, by currents in the air and ocean and of the electric fluid. She economizes water, to answer a thousand successive important purposes, in a thousand different places, with the same drop. How nicely and carefully she sifts out its minutest portions from the briny sea, to cleanse the air and revive the plants at this season, to fill the springs, and paint the sky, and support all human life! How, with her mighty elemental agencies, she crumbles and bears down the barren rock from the mountains and hills, to fertilize, for boundless and endless crops, the valley and the plain? Now she makes the ashes even of the dead spring into grass, and blossom into flowers! Now, applying the same economy to crude mineral, from the very gravel in the ground she distills a curious, delicate wash to protect the tender stalks of the growing grain, though you may not think what perhaps cuts your hand to bleeding is this varnish of flint! How she saves every hair, particle, nail-paring, and exhalation, to turn it to some account! How she converts ice, and the snow that manures the poor man's ground, into harvests of corn and wheat! How she nourishes her vegetable offspring, so that her animal may not die of hunger! The roots of a shrub, thirsty for a supply that had been drawn aside by an artificial channel, have been known, in their resolution not to be defrauded, to find their way to the aqueduct under the ground, and bore a hole through its soft wooden plug, that every fiber might drink its fill, as was divinely intended. To one who looks with a careless view on Nature, it seems as if every thing with her were in extravagant excess. We quote the line about "many a flower born to blush unseen," and we talk of the floods that are poured away to no purpose. But a closer inspection corrects this error, and shows how frugal her utility, and perfect her order; enough, but "no room to insert a particle," however Art may rearrange her forms to educate and give scope to human power.—*Rev. C. A. Buriel.*

**THE PROOF OF YOUR LOVE.**—Gail Hamilton belongs to the school of practical Christians, and believes largely in a religion made for this world. She contends that the usual tests of Christian character to which appeal is made in the pulpit and in religious literature are too internal. In her recent work entitled, "Stumbling Blocks," she presents the following test questions:

If you wish to know whether you are a Christian, inquire of yourself whether, in and for the love of God, you seek to make happy those about you by smiles and pleasant sayings? Is it a matter of concernment, when you sit down to your breakfast, to say a bright word of sympathy, or endearment, or playfulness, or cheer to your wife, your son, your daugh-

ter? Do you give Tommy a preliminary toss as you place him in his high chair, or do you praise Kitty's first awkward attempt to smooth her own hair? Do you notice the little arrangements that have been made for your comfort and convenience? Do you compliment the cook on the nice coffee, or the light buckwheat cakes, or the beautifully-brown toast which she sets before you—particularly if the cook bears your own name? When the cat puts up her soft paw to remind you that she is there, does your hand slide down to rub her fur, and thus make her happier for your thought of her—or, if a law of the Medes and Persians forbids her the dining-room, do you throw her a bit of bread to console her exile? Is the faithful dog rewarded by his share, not only of food, but of favoritism? If you have yourself an unconquerable aversion to cats and dogs, do you still see to it that their lives are not a burden to them? If you meet a child crying in the street, do you endeavor to console him? Do you ever buy a penny's worth of candy for the ragged boy who is looking at it with eager eyes through the shop window on Christmas eve? Do you take pains now and then to speak a cheery word to the widow whose only son has gone on a long sea-voyage? As your sons and daughters approach maturity, does their obedience and affection increase or diminish? Do they go out from your house as from a prison or from a home, with eager feet indeed, but with a tender lingering at the last? When you come into the house, do you bring sunshine with you? If there is a cloud on your brow, do your family seem more anxious to dissipate it, or to get out of your way? If your sons see you on the other side of the street, do they run over to join you, or do they turn down an alley to avoid you, or keep on the other side till they are obliged to cross? Do the clerks in your warehouse, the carpenters who are building your house, the Irishmen who are laying your pipes, the plowman who is furrowing your land, the gardener who is pruning your trees, like to have you pass by, for the pleasantness of your manner in commending their labor, or the courteousness with which you listen to their complaints or requests, or the quiet consideration with which you suggest alterations and improvements? Do mothers like to have their sons work on your farm during the summer months, and do the boys like to come? In short, are you a comfortable person to live with? Are you pleasant to have about?

We like these questions, and they have their important place in the Christian life; but still they remind us of the mint, anise, and cummin, of which the Savior said, "These ye ought to have done, and the others not to have left undone."

The same essay furnishes some pregnant hints on the kind of religion that is most needed, which, in the view of the worthy Gail, presents a somewhat different type from the most approved quality set forth in the Churches:

The religion that the world is dying for is not a treasure, valued and cherished, indeed, but cherished under a glass case in the best room, carefully dusted, and visible only on days of high festival. We want a religion that is an atmosphere, wrapping us about above and below; going down into the lungs in deep-drawn inspirations, to purify and energize; filtering into the blood, to tint and quicken; spreading out in the skin, to protect and adorn; piercing noisome cellars, to dispel the noxious, death-dealing vapors; mounting into the parlors, and bedrooms, and kitchens, to keep them sweet and healthful; permeating and interpenetrating all things; a savor of life unto life.

We want a religion that softens the step, and tones the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the

impatient exclamation and the harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant—amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—cares for the servants, besides paying them promptly—projects the honey-moon into the harvest-moon, and makes the happy home like the Eastern fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit; a religion that looks after the apprentice in the shop, and the clerk behind the counter, and the student in the office, with a fatherly care and a motherly love—setting the solitary in families, introducing them to pleasant and wholesome society, that their lonely feet may not be led into temptation, forgiving occasional lapses while striving to prevent them, and to supply, so far as may be, the place of the natural guardians by a vigilance that attracts without annoying.

We want a religion that shall interpose continually between the ruts, and gullies, and rocks of the highway of life, and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them.

We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes short measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, otter from butter, flour from cream of tartar, beet-juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk-cans, and buttons from the contribution-box. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big straw-buries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will sell raisins on stems, instead of stems without raisins. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat-fields of New York grow and all her mills grind. It will not make one half of a pair of shoes of good leather, and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash; nor, if the shoes have been promised on Thursday morning, will it let Thursday morning spin out till Saturday night. It will not put Jouvins' stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves; nor make Paris bonnets in the back-room of a Boston milliner's shop; nor let a piece of velvet, that professes to measure twelve yards, come to an untimely end in the tenth; or a spool of sewing silk, that vouches for twenty yards, be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half; nor the cotton thread spool break, to the yard-stick, fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye; nor yard-wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvage to selvage; nor all wool delaines and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton; nor waterproof cloaks be soaked through in an hour; nor coats made of old woolen rags pressed together be sold to an unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys which it contracted to build of seven-dollar materials; nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine; nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join; nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered; nor make window-blinds with slate that can not stand the wind, and paint that can not stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched. It does not send the little boy, who has come for the daily quart of milk, into the barn-yard to see the calf, and seize the opportunity to skim off the cream; nor does it surround stale butter with fresh, and sell the whole for good; nor pass off the slack-baked bread upon the stable-boy; nor dust the pepper; nor "deacon" the apples. It does not put cotton gadding threads into the skirt, to succumb on the slightest provocation; nor content itself with fastening seams at the beginning and the end, trusting to Providence for the security of the intermediate stages.

**A HAPPY HOME.**—What a sweet picture is that of a happy home and a fond domestic circle! Thousands of such may be found in this Christian land. The following will tell our young readers some of the principal things which make home happy:

First of all is piety. The love of God and constant endeavor to keep his commandments, a humble trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and a good hope through his grace of a celestial home hereafter—these tend to smooth away all the troubles of life and to lighten all its enjoyments.

Next comes mutual affection. This helps to suppress every unkind word and action, and makes each member of the family anxious to regard the wishes and promote the happiness of every other. Love is better than sunshine in any dwelling, far better than costly furniture, or fine clothes, or plenty of money.

Thirdly, in every house where there are children, comes an obedient and respectful demeanor on the part of the children toward all who are older than themselves, and especially toward their parents. Such a demeanor leads children to be regarded as ornaments and comforts to society; otherwise they are likely to be considered plagues and nuisances.

Fourthly, a love of reading. How pleasant to fill up the leisure hours, and especially long Winter evenings, with loud reading! Thus the whole family may share the pleasure of reviewing the history of other times, or join in a common excursion to other lands, and all are furnished with food for reflection and subjects for conversation.

All these sources of indoor enjoyment are almost equally within the reach of the rich and the poor, of families in the city or country. Let each one of our readers try to do what he can to make his own a happy home.

**MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.**—The following suggestions will indicate to parents an important direction which they may give to their means and leisure time, in order to secure the same happy result:

Let home be the nursery of truth, of refinement, of simplicity, and of taste. Study to make it attractive to your children by every means in your power, and lose no opportunity for improving their minds and cultivating their home affections. Let system and order, industry and study, taste and refinement, be cultivated at home, and comfort, harmony, and peace will reign within your dwelling, however humble. Do your children love music, or drawing, or flowers? Encourage their taste to the utmost of your ability. Indeed, where the love of music pervades a family, and is judiciously cultivated, it is an important aid in the training of children; for the child whose soul is touched with melody easily yields to the voice of affection, and seldom requires severity. More than this, the harsh tones of the father's voice, as he commands, and the cutting tones of the mother, as she forbids, become milder and more persuasive, if accustomed to join with their children in these recreations, and thus both parents and children are mutually refined and elevated. Let me add that I can not conceive of any purer enjoyment than is felt by the head of a family, as wife and children gather in about him, and pour forth their sweet voices in songs of praise at the morning sacrifice and the evening oblation. If the father has money to spare, I do not doubt that he might make a good investment in a piano, a melodeon, or some other instrument, to accompany the voices of his wife and children, provided always that practice on these instruments be not allowed to interfere with the practice at the kneading-trough, the wash-board, or with any other duty that a true woman, be she daughter, sister, wife, or mother, ought to understand. These duties and these pleasures are in no degree incompatible with each other. Whatever tends to develop the intellect, to refine the taste, and purify the affections, may find a fitting place in every house.

**THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.**—The Christian ministry is the worst of all trades, but the best of all professions.—*Newton*.

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Terms.

**WIVES OF LITERARY MEN.**—A brief sketch of the late Madame de Lamartine has just been published in Paris, which tells the world something of her domestic life. It appears that she copied with her own hand all of M. de Lamartine's works, except "*Les Girondins*." All of the "copy" supplied to the printer is in her hand; she kept the poet's own manuscript as a precious treasure, which she knew posterity would value as highly as she did. He wrote the poem "*Jocelyn*" in a large album which he used for an account-book. The obverse face of the leaves contained the accounts of the laborers in his vineyards, the reverse was covered with poetry. After the poem was completed, and negotiations with a publisher were carried to a successful issue, Lamartine, pointing to the album as he mounted his horse to make one of his usual long excursions, asked his wife to send it to the printer. She opened it, and, seeing at first nothing but the accounts of the laborers in the vineyard, thought there must be some mistake. She examined further, and found the reverse face of every leaf contained "*Jocelyn*." She laughed, took the album to her secretary, and resolutely set to work to copy the poem. M. de Lamartine thought his work in the publisher's hands, till a week afterward, when, as they were sitting down to breakfast, she gave him the album and the unblotted manuscript of "*Jocelyn*." The poet was so deeply touched that he took a pen and wrote the three dedicatory strophes to Maria Anna Eliza, which are to be found on the first page of that work. She copied all of M. de Lamartine's correspondence. She leaves a great many letters scattered in the hands of friends, which M. Dargaud, it is said, is collecting with a view to publication. They are represented as written with great talent.

A still greater service was performed by the wife of Sir William Napier in the composition of his great work on the "*History of the Peninsular War*." In the "*Life*" of Sir William, recently published in London, we find an interesting allusion to her admirable zeal and ability. "When the immense mass of King Joseph's correspondence, taken at Vittoria, was placed in my hands, I was dismayed at finding it to be a huge collection of letters, without order, and in three languages, one of which I did not understand. Many, also, were in very crabbed and illegible characters, especially those of Joseph's own writing, which is nearly as difficult to read as Napoleon's. The most important documents were in cipher, and there was no key. Despairing of any profitable examination of these valuable materials, the thought crossed me of giving up the work, when my wife undertook, first, to arrange the letters by dates and subjects, next to make a table of reference, translating and epitomizing the contents of each; and this, without neglecting for an instant the care and education of a very large family, she effected in such a simple and comprehensive manner, that it was easy to ascertain the contents of any letter, and lay hands on the original document in a few moments. She also undertook to decipher the secret correspond-

ence, and not only succeeded, but formed a key to the whole, detecting even the nulls and stops, and so accurately, that when, in course of time, the original key was placed in my hands, there was nothing to learn. Having mentioned this to the Duke of Wellington, he seemed at first incredulous, observing I must mean that she had made out the contents of some letters. Several persons had done this for him, he said, but none had ever made out the nulls or formed a key, adding, 'I would have given £20,000 to any person who would have done that for me in the Peninsula.'"

**LITERATURE AND ART IN HIGH PLACES.**—A Paris correspondent furnishes the following collection of literary and art gossip: A very good engraving from the hands of the King of Sweden is to be seen at Cadart's, in the Rue Richelieu, the publishing house of the French Aquafortists' Society, of which his Majesty is a member. Princess Mathilde is another member of this etching club. She is something of an artist also, with brush and crayons. Two pastel heads, from her hand, in this year's salon, were poor enough; but she has sometimes exhibited pictures that would not disgrace "one of them fellows that get a living by it." The brother of the King of Sweden, as well as the King himself, is a quite reputable poet; ex-King Ludwig, of Bavaria, protector of the fine arts and of Lola Montez, is not very reputable as a poet, but it is known did write verse. On the other hand, King John, of Saxony, made an admirable translation of Dante; the last king of Delhi, who died two years ago, we are told, "was one of the most distinguished cotemporary writers of Hindoostan poetry;" the late Prince Albert's speeches have had the honor of translation by a member of Guizot's family, with a preliminary notice by the great historian himself; Queen Victoria's literary performances amount, indeed, to little more than compiling and editing, but her "*Meditations*" have had an "immense success;" the Duke de Joinville is a most respectable writer, as his *Campagne de l'Armée du Poto-mac* shows; the Duke d'Aumale is decidedly a man of letters, as well as ardent bibliomane. His last work, a history of the Prince of Conde, was interdicted, you recollect, when ready for publication here a year or two ago. His bookseller, Michael Levy, is just now pushing a suit before the tribunals here to have the interdiction declared illegal. Napoleon is nearly the best literary man of his party. It is said that he aspires to an arm chair in the Academy, when his *Life of Caesar* is published. Meantime it is supposed that a proposition lately made in the Academy of Sciences to increase the number of members, or rather to create a new "section" of military science, was intended as a preparation to his admission to the institute; the proposition was voted down. Prince Jerome Napoleon's literary baggage consists at present of only a few striking speeches in the Senate. The works of the philosophical Bonaparte Prince are well known. So much for royal and princely artists and litterateurs.



## Literary Notices.

(1.) RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN IN THE SCHOOL, THE FAMILY, AND THE CHURCH. By Catherine E. Beecher. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Pp. 413. \$1.50.—Miss Beecher has already made herself well known as a writer, both in the department of religion and morals, and of domestic life. We have not been able to accept her works as good guides in either department. The chief reason, we think, is that she has but little experience in either. Her theological views are somewhat original and certainly sufficiently independent of what others have thought and believed. As for any thing like a deep religious experience we have never found her claiming to have any; but rather ignoring the life of Christianity, she endeavors to reduce it to a mere "common-sense" view of human life and duty, and the Christian to a mere self-developed "good man." In the department of domestic life, Miss Beecher's experience is very limited and one-sided. She has never been either wife or mother. She claims to have been educating mothers and teachers for nearly forty years, and that these, her pupils, in almost every sect and section of our country, have been rearing families, into many of which she has been received as a confidential friend, to learn their difficulties and their failure or success. Our own first attempt in the training of children was with two bright nephews, in a widowed sister's house. We had many rules and maxims which we had gathered from observation, and we aimed at bringing up these children as models on common-sense principles. The result was a failure. Since then we have had children of our own, and find that the difference between nephews and our own offspring is very great; and that the difference between training up other people's children, or prescribing rules for this purpose, and the careful and prayerful training up of our own is very considerable. We would trust the lessons of a good, pious Christian mother much more readily than these. She protests against teaching children that they are depraved and incapable of Christian affections; deprecates the practice of those Churches which require an "emotional conversion" as a prerequisite to membership, and argues earnestly in behalf of the Episcopal Church, of which she has recently become a member. Her plea in this respect reminds us of a gentleman we once heard of who urged another to join his Church, "because it meddled with neither politics nor religion." The book exhibits the author's strength of mind and extensive reading, with much of the eccentricity that characterizes all her writings. While we can not commend the work as a guide, it is a book that may be read with interest, and which offers much material for thought.

(2.) OVERLAND EXPLORATIONS IN SIBERIA, Northern Asia, and the Great Amoor River Country; Incidental Notices of Manchouria, Mongolia, Kamtschatka, and Japan. With Map and Plan of an Overland Telegraph Around the World, via Behring's Strait and

Asiatic Russia to Europe. By Major Perry M.D. Collins. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Pp. 467. \$2.—The ample title of this fine-looking book sufficiently indicates the vast territory traveled over by the author, and the nature of the large collection of facts which he here furnishes to the reader. Not every person that travels through a country is a good traveler, nor is every good traveler a good describer of what he has seen. The tourist, on a journey of pleasure-seeking, may make a pleasant book, but hardly a valuable one; while the earnest plodder through a new country may give us a dry and uninteresting detail of facts, but still of great value. Major Collins is a good traveler; he keeps in good humor with himself, and with the strange people, and customs, and scenes with which he comes in contact, at the same time keeping his eyes and ears open to see and hear all that is to be seen and heard. He observes intelligently, and when he has finished his tour returns home to tell us in very readable style, and with sufficient accuracy of detail, what he has learned in his travels. Considerable interest hangs around the Amoor country. It is but little known. A few years ago we read the very interesting account of a journey through it by the French traveler M. Huc, which seemed almost to bring a newly-discovered country before us. In 1855 the Russians took possession of this vast territory, and formed a settlement at the mouth of the river. Since then we have been watching the extension of this Russian power through Eastern Asia toward the Pacific, to look in the face of our own great Western States, and many minds besides that of the author have already fixed on the River Amoor as the destined channel by which American commercial enterprise is to penetrate the obscure depths of Northern Asia, and open a new world to trade and civilization. Still a newer interest has gathered around the course of the Amoor, as being that which the great telegraphic line must pursue in its sublime work of girding the earth. Major Collins traveled as Commercial Agent of the United States for the Amoor River.

(3.) THE DOCTRINES AND DISCIPLINE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 1864. New York: Carlton & Porter.—This is the new edition of the Discipline, containing the emendations and additions ordered by the last General Conference. In appearance it still bears a close resemblance to the Discipline of former years, though upon opening it we find a thorough rearrangement of the matter, bringing the institutions, rules, laws, etc., of the Church into a much more systematic and convenient form. For this new arrangement we are indebted to the fine taste and judgment of Bishop Baker. The revised and enlarged Ritual is given at length, and is admirably adapted to the wants of our Church. We earnestly hope our preachers will at once accept it and use it on all occasions. We understand it is the intention of the publishers in the

East and the West to issue the Ritual and some other important matters of the Discipline in a cheap and convenient form. When this is done we hope a copy of the Discipline will be found in every Methodist family, and that a copy of the Ritual will find its way into every pew of every Methodist Church.

(4) **THE EARLY DAWN; or, Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time.** By the Author of "*Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family.*" With Introduction by Prof. Henry B. Smith, D. D. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 12mo. Pp. 397. \$1.75.—We have not had time to read this fine-looking book, but are at once prejudiced in its favor by the fine typographical appearance which it presents, and especially by the fact that it is from the pen of the well-known, gifted, and genial author of the "*Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family.*" in which the story of the Great Reformation, its conflicts and heroes, was so strikingly and touchingly told. In the present volume the scene is transferred from Germany to England, and the "Christian Life of England in the Olden Time," is here depicted, through several centuries, from its earliest dawn down to the "morning star of the Reformation."

(5) **THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC AND HUMAN LIBERTY FORESHADOWED IN SCRIPTURE.** By Rev. George S. Phillips, A. M. Cincinnati: Pce & Hitchcock, for the Author.—The author thus sets forth the nature and design of his work: "We have first aimed to direct the mind to those truths which lie at the foundation of human liberty. We have taken the position that God has spoken upon this subject in the Holy Scriptures, in language not to be misunderstood, that the great principles of civil liberty were first taught by Jehovah to his ancient people, the Hebrews, and embodied in a form of government, known to us as the Jewish theocracy, in which the law was Divine, and the instrument human. The Hebrew Republic was a type of our own Government, just as the Jewish Church was a type of the Christian Church. The theocratic republic ceased to exist; hence its future rise became a subject of prophecy. As it had been thrown down, its rise is spoken of by the prophet as a restoration, to be effected by direct interposition. It is to be set up by the God of heaven. It is the restored Israel of the last time." That the Government of the United States is the accomplishment and fulfillment of these grand prophecies, is the doctrine of the book. We do not believe the doctrine, and have no faith in any of these attempts to give specific and detailed applications to the sublime and far-reaching prophecies of the Word of God. The author is in earnest, is a true patriot, and his work, aside from its general doctrine, contains many excellent thoughts.

(6) **APPLETON'S MATHEMATICAL SERIES.** 1st. *A Primary Arithmetic.* 2d. *An Elementary Arithmetic.* By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M.—These are the first two books of a proposed series. We know from actual experiment that Mr. Quackenbos knows how to make available text-books for our schools, and that the Appletons know how to publish them. We can recommend these little books, and even speak in advance for the rest of the series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

(7) **QUACKENBOS'S FIRST BOOK OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR,** by the same author and publishers as above.

(8) **THE RAILWAY ANECDOTE-BOOK: A Collection of Anecdotes and Incidents of Travel by River and Rail** New York: D. Appleton & Co.—For those who wish amusement and like to laugh this is the book.

**NOVELS.**—1. Captain Brand of the "Centipede," a Pirate of eminence in the West Indies. By Harry Gringo.—2. Maurice Dering; or, the Quadrilateral. By the author of "Guy Livingston."—3. The Ladder of Life. A Heart History. By Amelia B. Edwards. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Carroll & Co.

**SERMONS.**—1. The Trinitarian Faith. By Rev. J. H. Wythe, M. D., of San Francisco. 2. A Semi-Centennial Sermon, Preached before the General Conference in Philadelphia, May 10, 1864. By Rev. Thomas A. Morris, D. D., Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—3. Thoughts on the Lost Unity of the Christian World, and on the Steps Necessary to Secure its Recovery. By Rev. Morgan Dix, S. T. D., Rector of Trinity Church.—4. The Loud Voice, and The Everlasting Gospel. By Leonard B. Vickers, Portland, Oregon.

**MAGAZINES.**—1. American Literary Gazette—August—George W. Childs, Philadelphia.—2. The Family Treasure, Devoted to Christian Doctrine, Science, Biography, and Evangelical Literature—July and August—D. and T. N. McKinney, Pittsburg.—3. Arthur's Home Magazine—August—T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia.—4. Guide to, and Beauty of Holiness—July—Degen & Foster, Boston.—5. The Home Monthly, Devoted to Home Education, Literature, and Religion—July—C. H. Pearson & Co., Boston.—6. The Dental Register of the West—July—J. Taft, Cincinnati.—7. The Indiana School Journal—August—George W. Hoss, Editor, Indianapolis.—8. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine—July—American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

**CATALOGUES, MINUTES, ETC.**—1. Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind., Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D. D., President; 6 professors; 170 students.—2. State University of Iowa, Iowa City. Rev. O. M. Spencer, D. D., President; 12 professors and teachers; students in all departments, 669.—3. Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill., Rev. Oliver S. Munsell, D. D., President; 6 professors and teachers; pupils, 181.—4. Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, Rev. William F. King, A. M., Acting President; 8 professors and teachers; students, 428.—5. Ohio Wesleyan Female College, Delaware, Ohio, Rev. Park S. Donelson, D. D., President; 9 professors and teachers; pupils, 273.—6. Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, Gouverneur, N. Y., Rev. George G. Dains, M. A., Principal; pupils, 299.—7. Stockwell Collegiate Institute, Stockwell, Ind., Rev. Henry G. Jackson, Principal; pupils, 169.—8. Beaver Seminary and Institute, Beaver, Penn., Rev. R. T. Taylor, M. A., President; pupils, 159.—9. Minutes of the Ontario, Niagara, and Bay Quinte Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada.—10. Minutes of the Pittsburg Annual Conference, 1864.—11. Minutes of the Baltimore Annual Conference, 1864.

## Editor's Table.

**ECONOMY IN WAR TIMES.**—The excited state of the public mind, the uncertainty of the future, and the plentifulness of money tend to beget carelessness in expenditure, and lead to extravagance and luxury. Prudence and economy, at all times Christian duties, are especially such in the stern times of war, and yet, perhaps, there has never been witnessed in our country before such reckless extravagance as at the present time. In dress, in furniture, in amusements, at the table, every-where we see evidences of this thoughtless waste of money. Several influences lead to this. We will consider a few of them. A few months ago some prominent ladies at Washington and elsewhere inaugurated a movement for retrenchment in foreign luxuries, hoping thereby to diminish the drain of gold out of our country. At first sight we looked upon this movement with favor. Then we read various unfavorable criticisms from the press, objecting to the movement on the ground that the importation of foreign goods is necessary in order to secure the duties in gold for the payment of interest on the Government loans. We were staggered a little at this view of the case. Many we know accepted it as correct, and it has had the effect of almost entirely paralyzing the movement above referred to. Our patriotic ladies were told economy at this time, and especially in this respect, is a mistake; the true way to aid the country in its struggle, said these reasoners, is to use these foreign importations, on which gold must be paid to the Government treasury, and freely to spend your money that a larger amount of paper issues may be taken into use. Many, as we have said, have been influenced by these views—and yet we are satisfied they are wrong, and that the common-sense which suggests to us that we should be prudent and economical in these times of peril and uncertainty is the true guide. It is true the Government must have gold. It is true that its power to borrow would cease if the interest on its loans could not be met with gold or its equivalent. It is true also that Government has found it necessary to issue large quantities of paper money; but it is not true that the best way to supply the Government's want of gold is by the extravagant importations of luxuries into the country. The Government receives in gold a tax or duty on these imported articles, which is a certain per centage on their value; for illustration, say 25 per cent. on the value of imported goods. For \$100 worth of foreign goods brought into the country, then, the Government receives \$25 in gold; but \$100 in gold have gone out of the country in order to secure \$25 to the treasury. The leaking out of the gold occasions a scarcity, keeps up a demand, raises its value constantly in reference to paper money, and with it the price of every thing the Government needs. As a result of the whole process, as far as it has gone, gold is worth \$2.60 in paper, the price of every thing used by the Government is doubled or trebled, and the country still continues to send out \$100 in gold in order to pay \$25 in gold into the treasury. It would be better, unspeakably better,

to pay this \$25 in gold into the treasury as a tax on certain home products, and thus save the exportation of the \$100. If the reasoning of the above theorists is true, then the more we drain the gold from the country the better, for the more will be the gold paid in duties. We ought to use the costly wines, cigars, etc., of foreign countries, that we may pay duties on their importation. Evidently there is a fallacy in this theory. It leads to absurdity. It is buying the gold needed by the Government at too enormous a cost. It is the ruinous policy of the embarrassed merchant, who borrows money at an enormous discount, or to meet a present emergency gives out his resources at prices immensely less than their value. Legitimate and prudent foreign trade is wise; the importation of articles of necessity for the Government and for the people—and especially the foreign trade that would take the products of our country and pay for them in gold or necessities—is desirable; but that we should rush into reckless importation—should become luxurious and extravagant in our wants and expenditures, or that we should pursue any other course than one of strict prudence and economy, retaining, as far as possible, all the gold and other resources available in these times of peril and cost to our Government, is absurd upon the face of it. The instinct of our patriotic ladies was right. Economy in all respects, whether with reference to things of foreign or home production, is the true policy.

A second fallacious method of reasoning at these times we will illustrate by the following incident: We entered, some time ago, into an establishment to buy a certain article, and "priced" it. The price of the article was just three times what it was before the war began. We hesitated. We *could* do without the article. We determined to do so, and so stated to the merchant. "Do you want the article," said the merchant. "Yes." "Then why not buy it?" "Because I can do without it, and the price is very high." "It is no dearer now in gold," said the merchant, "than it was before the war; it is the depreciation of your paper money. You may as well spend it; there is plenty of it, and if you save it, it may not be long till it will be worthless." Perhaps there are some merchants who believe this doctrine; we should think they are very few, for we find they are as anxious as ever to trade and get gain. But we have reason to believe that there are many people who reason in this way: Money is plenty, we make it freely, the future is uncertain, let us eat, drink, and be merry. Now all this is erroneous. First the merchant says, "It is no dearer now in gold." We exceedingly doubt that statement. We are strongly inclined to believe, as we observe the ways of speculators, traders, stock and gold dealers, that there are many other influences at work besides the plentifulness of paper money and the scarcity of gold in determining the prices of things. We admit the sound doctrine, that if things are left to regulate themselves, the prices will be determined by the great law of demand and

supply. But a very important part of this doctrine is, that *they be left to regulate themselves*. But using every possible means on 'change to raise the price of gold; to give fictitious values to stocks; to buy up immense quantities of the necessities of life and hold them for a forced advance in price; to "mark up" prices at every little rise of gold, but seldom or never "mark down" when it falls, is very far from leaving things to regulate themselves. We know of nothing, unless it be the downright opposition to the Government manifested in these times by so many scheming politicians, that so much embarrasses and imperils our Government as these unprincipled and selfish efforts to enhance the price of the necessities of life. It is no new thing under the sun. We remember how prominent a feature it was in the Peninsular and Napoleonic wars. The unprincipled and traitorous did the same thing during our own Revolution, and it was a source of great embarrassment in our war of 1812. It is an exhibition of the wicked, disloyal, avaricious, and selfish side of human nature, and the common-sense of the people will so interpret it. The time will soon be when the excitements of the war having passed away, the honest and thoughtful people will review this whole matter, and many who are now amassing rapid fortunes out of the necessities of their bleeding country, will be left to enjoy them under the contempt and suspicion of the honest and loyal people.

But again, said our merchant, "it is the depreciation of your paper money." It is true that the Government has found it necessary to issue large quantities of paper money. Perhaps it was not the very best way in which the expenses of the war might have been met; but pressing exigencies forced it as a policy on the Administration. It is very certain that the very best way to depreciate the value of this money is to declaim against it, to demand large prices for every thing that is purchased with it, and recklessly to squander it in extravagance and luxury. It is equally certain that the inference our merchant would have had us draw, from the plentifulness of money, is a false one; not only because reckless extravagance is always wrong, but because it would be the very course to increase the difficulty of which he complained, namely, the depreciation of the value of the money itself.

Yet again, said the merchant, "The future is so uncertain, that if you save it, it may not be long till it will be worthless." We are satisfied that a thought, something like this enters the minds of many, and leads to extravagance. And yet this very extravagance, as we have said above, tends to produce this very result. The true patriot will never despair of the Republic. The money is the issue of our Government; it is every man's duty as a patriot to maintain his Government. If the Government fails, then, to be sure, all is lost; but the true inference, both with regard to interest and duty, is to see to it that the Government shall not fail. With this view the true policy of all our people is prudence and economy; let us do all we can to keep the prices of necessities as low as possible; let us eschew needless luxuries that must be imported from abroad; let us aid and not embarrass our Government in its fearful struggle; let us save all we can, and then, to make our savings sure, let us loan them to our Government, that it may be able to meet the enormous de-

mands upon it without further issues of paper money, and without fear of financial failure.

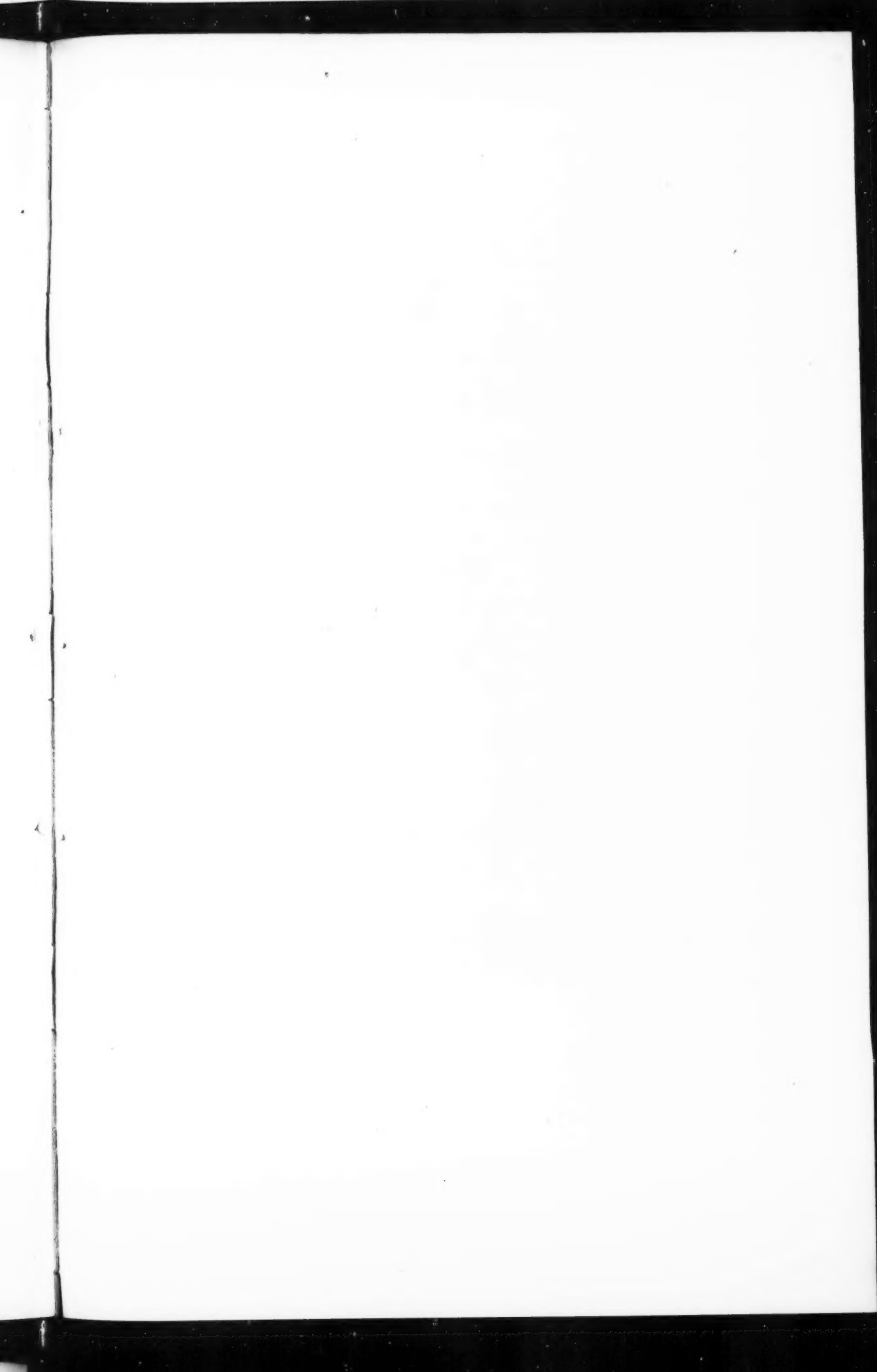
**ARTICLES ACCEPTED.**—Newport, New and Old; Marvels of Memory; Seth, the Drunkard's Boy; The Resurrection; Nine Months More; Concerning Work; Pets and their Lovers; Conquering Difficulties; An Incident of the Indian Massacres of 1862; First Bud of Spring; The Summer Rain; Work and Wait; Waiting for the Morning; Independence Bells; Were I a Bird; Drowned; November Winds.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—*Prose.*—Words Spoken but not Meant; Steer Through the Breakers; An Allegory; Loving Out of a Convent; A Talk About Flowers—these last two are good, but are anonymous—Potomac Rambles—good; a little too dramatic—Books; and Sleeping and Waking.

*Poetry.*—The Mirage—some parts very good; would be acceptable if much compressed and shortened—Bear the Cross and Win the Crown; The Hour of Prayer—pretty good, but thoughts rather commonplace—Retrospection—right good, but so near to the measure and style of "The Raven" that it looks like imitation; Poe in his one poem has forever exhausted that measure—Oases; The Watchers; Alone; Lines to the Rev. H. F. H.; The Brook by the Bars; Things Divine; and Thy Will be Done.

**OCTOBER.**—We present to our readers in the present number a large and interesting variety. The eye will first fall on our two excellent engravings. Every lover of true worth, learning, zeal, and greatness will be pleased to find the excellent portrait of Rev. Dr. Nast, and then will turn to the admirable sketch of this "father of German Methodism," from the pen of Mr. Nordhoff. The lovers of the beautiful will turn to Mr. Jones's fine engraving of the quiet and peaceful scene "On the Licking"—a scene which some of our readers will doubtless recognize as having witnessed in their excursions and picnics on the banks of that beautiful stream, which empties into the Ohio just opposite the city of Cincinnati. "The Sydenham Palace" and "The Lake District of New York" will please the lovers of travel and fine description. A stern lesson of Christian history is told in the story of "The Exile of the Salzburgers." Dr. Tefft still introduces us more fully to the wonders of "The Boreal Nights," and Dr. Crane shows us the soldiers in "Camp Convalescent." "Aunt Helen" still amuses and instructs us with her "Tour," and Mr. Graham with his "Frontier Sketches." "Uninvited Visitors" have been in more houses than one, and the "Unclaimed Picture" tells a sad story more than once realized in our "cruel war." "Woman as a Letter-Writer" may learn something from Mr. Brush, and have her attention drawn to a useful and important field for the exercise of her art; but we join with the writer of the article in utterly condemning the practice of young ladies, now in vogue, of carrying on correspondence with unknown young men in the army. We trust none of the readers of the Repository can be induced by the many silly "advertisements for correspondence" found in the newspapers, to engage in this exceedingly improper and dangerous practice. Every one should read the "Life and Genius of Pascal," and also the gems of "poetry" we have furnished.















THE FIRST AND LAST LOVE

"Lighting up through the dreary fast"      "From the height of the passionate life  
 Like a torch is seen the young      That through the dark with eager  
 Flung each shroud that time has cast      And each with burning fingers that will not  
 "Are buried, buried"      "And each with burning fingers that will not"

By the Author of "The First and Last Love"

2